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LYRICS OF THE REVOLUTION

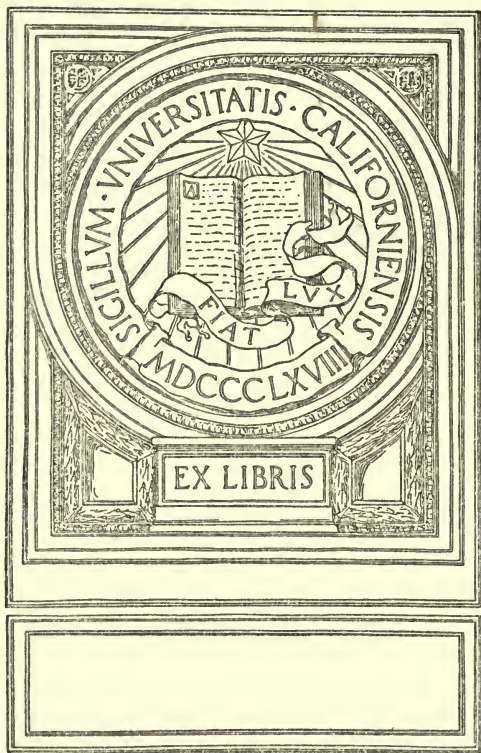
By
Rev. Edward C. Jones A.M.

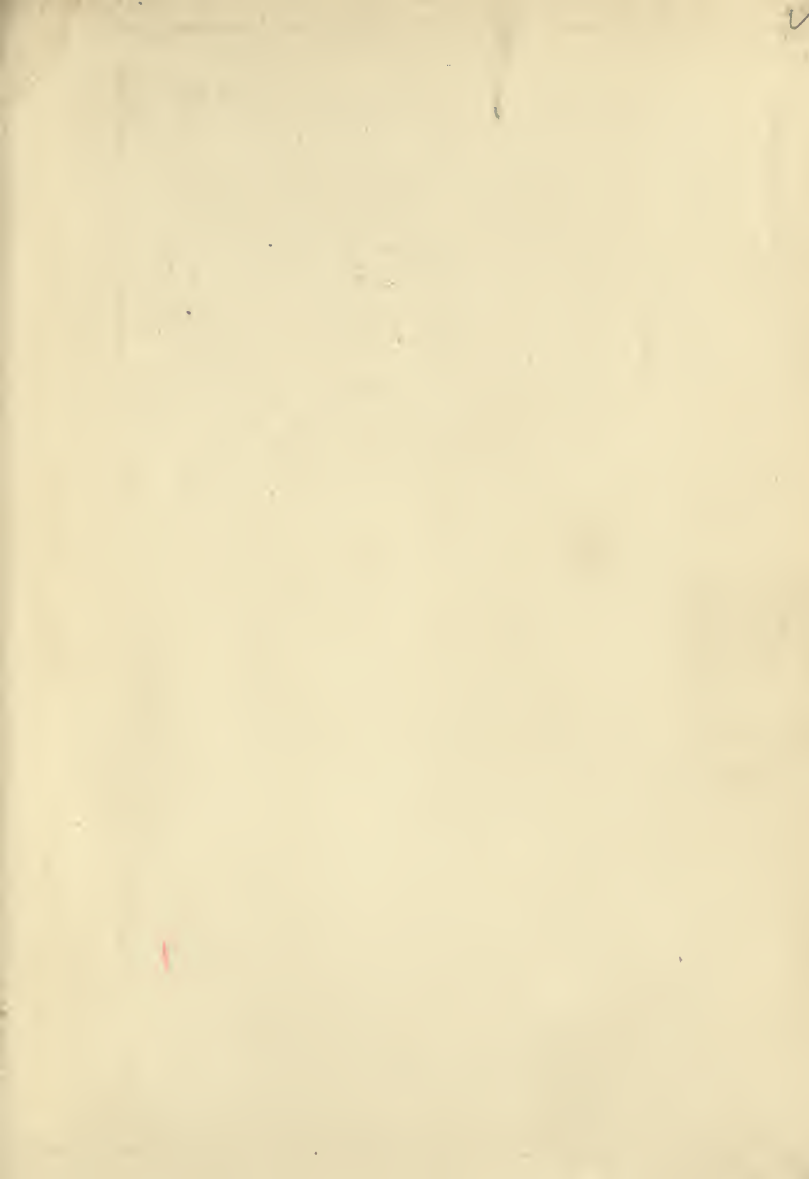
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'76

Lyrics of the Revolution

By

Rev. Edward C. Jones, A.M.



THE
REV. EDWARD C. JONES, A.M.
AUTHOR

Philadelphia

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BY

JULIA L. WALKER

TO THE
AUTHOR

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MAIN

IN MEMORY

OF

MY BELOVED FATHER

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20 May 1932 Rosewell known

“My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.”

PREFACE

THIS volume is intended for the patriotic people of America, who hold in grateful remembrance the memory of those who fought the battles, framed the Constitution, and administered the government in the early days of our country.

Time should not lessen this feeling of interest and pride in our forefathers, but it should be kept alive ; and it is the hope of the publisher that this little book may assist in keeping bright the spark that influenced the Revolutionary patriots.

That the Revolutionary period is still regarded with pride is shown by the recent interest in the hereditary patriotic societies of the land, having for their foundation the love for and history of the heroic age of our republic.

The poems presented were written almost half

Preface

a century ago, and have been selected as the most interesting of a large collection.

May they awaken in the reader the patriotic fervor of the author.

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'76

Lyrics of the Revolution

★ ★ ★

GENERAL JOSEPH WARREN.*

THE Old South Church, where Freedom swung
Her censer full and free,
And Warren's bold, untrammelled tongue
On despots' ears its changes rung,
Our bosom warms to thee.

Along the aisle the scarlet coats,
Ranged in a phalanx deep,
But fearless rolled the master notes,
And in the tide an atom floats,
The blades which dare not leap.

* General Joseph Warren delivered an oration in the Old South Church, of Boston, when the British bayonets guarded the very pulpit. He fell afterwards at Bunker Hill.

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

From that old guarded pulpit height,
Where glows the bristling steel,
Beams forth a never-fading light,
The ray of truth and conscious right,
And millions toward it kneel.

What is the bayonet to him,
Who, girt with justice stern,
Peals to the heaven his freedom hymn,
And rallies hearts, and eyes now dim
Bids with emotion burn?

What is to him the banded force,
With glitter all bedight?
If checked the lightning in its course,
If lulled by threat the billow hoarse,
Then arms his soul may fright.

But while a man he stands unawed,
Save by his Maker's frown,
As mounts the lark from dewy sod,
His spirit soars to truth and God,
Nor minions cast it down.

On Bunker's battled height there stood,
He who that pulpit graced ;
The beautiful, the true, the good,
Sealed what he uttered with his blood,
Nor run that blood to waste.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

For millions caught the patriot glow,
From mountain-top to dale,
And dealt a more than iron blow,
And hailed a despot's overthrow,
While we rehearse the tale.

PATRICK HENRY.

“Our chains are forged ; their clanking may be heard
on the plains of Boston ; the next gale may bring to our
ears the clash of resounding arms.”

VIEW that eagle eye,—that brow,
Seeming God illumined now ;
Watch that sinewy arm, whose sweep
Is the gauge of feeling deep ;
Hear those words of forceful aim,
Every syllable a flame :

“They have forged our massy chains,
Clank they now on Boston's plains,
And the gale may shortly bring
News of Freedom's suffering ;
Freighted now that gale may be
With deep tones of misery.
Iron heel is on our shore,
Myrmidons come thronging o'er,

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

Quartered on us as of old,
Wolf has ever watched the fold.
See them march with pompous tread !
Rush-like, shall we bow the head ?
Yield our heaven-born rights because
'Tis a crown that issues laws !
Higher than the Crown arise
Human hopes and liberties ;
All its jewels in a blaze,
Cast no shade on Freedom's rays.
Streaming from yon upper dome,
Come, supernal radiance, come !
Light us onward, beacon-fire !
And, as on a funeral pyre,
Wrong, yes, chartered wrong, shall be
Nought but ashes to the free.
Brothers, talk not now of peace ;
Let such fond delusion cease.
When ye heard that booming gun,
Far away in Lexington,
When arose the sulphur wreath,
Telling heroes fought beneath,
Concord took another name,
And baptized afresh became.
They are fiery pillars now ;
By them guided, seal your vow,
Look to Concord, Lexington !
See the foe retreating then,
And if ye no throbbing feel,

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

If your arm no strength reveal,
If your proud, dilating soul,
Spurneth not all base control,
Manhood from the brow erase,
And in dust conceal your face !
God of Hosts ! appeal to Thee
Those who pant for liberty !
Here, among our breezy hills,
Here, beside our dancing rills,
Here, where broad savannas sweep,
Swords, like flames, shall fiercely leap,
Hills, and streams, and plains shall be
Only ours—and we be free !”

GAGE AND WASHINGTON.

Twenty years had elapsed since General Washington and General Gage had fought side by side on the bloody battle-field of the Monongahela. The one was now obeying the commands of his sovereign, the other upholding the cause of an oppressed people.—JARED SPARKS.

'Twas summer morn ! A gallant band,
With arms of burnished steel,
Marched by the river's side, inspired
By war's awakening peal,
While on the left the forest deep
Was startled from its ancient sleep.

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

'Twas summer eve ! That gallant band,
With half its number slain,
A panic-stricken remnant, fled,
And crossed the stream again ;
For Braddock's sun was darkened now,
And death-dew on his writhing brow.

Conversing low, two youthful forms
Upon that eve were seen,
When French and Indian poured the fire
From deep and dark ravine ;
When battle-cloud had rolled away,
Among the living still were they.

Beneath the one two noble steeds
Had fallen in the fray ;
The other, leading on the van,
Stood hero-like that day ;
Knit in the bonds of friendship there,
When shall they meet again, and *where* ?

Pass twenty years ; on Bunker Hill
The contest rages now,
And men aggrieved with wrong are there
To ratify their vow ;
But sternly as they kept their trust,
Freedom's dear ensign trailed in dust.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

Hope on, hope ever, one there comes
To head his country's force ;
Trust him to breast the tide that sweeps
Its desolating course.
At Braddock's side he played the man ;
Still is he first in glory's van.

On Boston's heights a freeman's camp
Held that majestic form ;
He grasps his pen, and, as he writes,
His pensive features warm ;
He thinks of one who near him stood
Where rolled Monongahela's flood.

To him he wrote, the leader here
Of yonder British band,
Now pouring death on humble hearts
At sovereignty's command,—
Here, when the first great strife was o'er,
Met Gage and Washington once more !

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

SERGEANT JASPER.

“On the 28th of June, 1776, the British fleet advanced against the fort on Sullivan’s Island (Fort Moultrie). The engagement began about eleven o’clock in the forenoon, and lasted till seven in the evening. In this obstinate engagement the flagstaff of the fort was shot away ; but Sergeant Jasper leaped down upon the beach, snatched the flag, fastened it to a sponge-staff, and, while the ships were directing their broadsides upon the fort, mounting the merlon, replaced the flag.”

SHINING through the battle-wreath
Like a meteor gay,
Catching glances, firing hearts,
Waved the flag that day ;
Swifter than the meteor shoots
From its airy dome,
Rapid as descending bird
To its nest would come,
To the beach the staff now went,
Toppling from the battlement.

How the galling cannonade
Heaved the water’s breast !
But a granite giant stood
In its tranquil rest ;
And the good old fort returned
All its deadlier hail,
Till amid the lurid glare
Parker’s cheek was pale,

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

For 'tis rebels who compete
With Britannia's noble fleet.

But the flag ! it must not lie
In dishonored state ;
Made to wave against the sky,
Like a soul elate,
Catching purer breath from heaven,
As from dust it soars,
Is there one who to its height
That dear flag restores ?
Heroes ! wash its dust away !
Was it made to kiss the clay ?

“ Symbol of my country's hope,” —
Thus one patriot cried, —
“ Formed beneath yon azure cope,
Yet to wave our pride,
Here, within the bomb-shell's range,
Leap I to the beach ;
Guardian angel of the fort,
Still within my reach,
Ne'er did diver in the sea
Plunge for pearl so pure as thee !”

He has gained it, and his brow
All the soul reveals ;
Up the merlon ! Jasper, now,
Up, amid the peals

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

From thy comrades' lips which come,
And, while there, oh, place
In its stony keep the flag
Which has spurned disgrace !
See ! it floats again ! Brave heart,
Thou hast played a Roman part !

Deeds there are which to the soul
Come like bursts of song,
Deeds which from the days of yore
Sweep like chant along ;
Deeds which stir the blood, though old,
Light the dullest eye ;
Deeds which bear thy broadest stamp,
Immortality !
One of such deeds, by blest decree,
Was, Jasper, thus reserved for thee.

THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND AND THE RETREAT.

The historical facts embodied in this lyric are from
Frost's " History of the United States," pages 219-221.

A LENGTHENED line of bravest hearts stood on
that island fair,
'Twas August eve, and sultriness was brooding in
the air ;

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

He reined his charger, he their chief, who on them
 leaned for aid,
And bared to heaven his brow serene, and paused
 but once, and said :

“Soldiers ! a brilliant host encamps upon this
 fragrant sod,
Clinton and Cornwallis, and Grant, shall give but
 once the nod,
When all the hireling Hessian band, and veterans
 of the Crown,
Shall sweep the keenest scythe of war to mow the
 rebels down.
Say, when their demon shout of joy reverberates
 the hill,
Will ye, with hearts of oak, support and trust your
 leader still ?”

A solemn hush, then from the line went up a
 thunder peal,
It rolled across the meadows, pierced Flatbush
 wooded height,
And Percy heard the echo deep that glorious,
 August night :
“Will ye, with hearts of oak, support and trust
 your leader still ?”
'Twas Washington who breathed the words,—
 'twas freemen said, “We will !”

* * * * * *

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

The din of contest ceased,—the moon was in an
August sky,—
And Washington beheld with grief his heroes
round him lie,
Woodhull and Stanley, captives now, and Sullivan
the strong,
Long Island saw them true to right, will Heaven
avenge the wrong?
Two thousand wounded, prisoners, slain, their
words were with him still,
And yet like music to his soul came that stern vow,
“ We will !”

“ We must retreat, the panting hare must lead the
hound astray,
The lion couches in his lair, we cheat him of his prey ;
We must retreat, a lessened band, in silence and
in tears,
This grassy shore, Sahara-like, to my dim eye ap-
pears ;
The field-flower blushes with our blood, its native
modest blue,
Which spoke of peace and safety once, now hides
itself from view ;
And sleeping by these rifted pines, and through
those meadows wide,
Are truest, bravest, kindest men, my treasure and
my pride.
They fell amid a burst of blaze, their faces to the foe,

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

Compeers of Greeks at Marathon, in ages long
ago,
And as long as Memory holds her sway, 'till Death
this heart shall still,
Will come to cheer me, and to bless, their Spartan
shout,—“ We will !”

MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE.

This young French nobleman presented himself to Dr. Franklin, and afterwards to the other commissioners, and offered his services as a volunteer. “ We cannot,” said they, “ in conscience urge you to proceed. We possess not the means nor the credit for procuring a vessel for your passage.” “ Then,” exclaimed the gallant youth, “ I will provide my own.”—*Frost's History*, page 230.

THY vineyards, oh ! my sunny land, are beautiful
to see,
Thy noble Seine rolls on in pride, with waters
glad and free,
But far across the ocean's breast I hear the notes
of woe,
And a voice sinks deep within my heart, whose
burden still is, “ Go !”
Beside thee, oh ! my cherished one, at eventide I
stand,
And kiss thy ruby lips in love, and clasp thy lily
hand,

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

But through my veins, like lava-tide, what stronger
currents flow,
For e'en affection's plea is dumb before that man-
date, "Go!"
Across the waves a blade of steel fair Freedom
holds to me,
Its temper'd edge at feast, and court, and hearth-
stone bright I see ;
That blade my hand is pledged to wield, that tem-
per'd edge to prove,
To Washington and Liberty I consecrate my
love.
Here, in the flush of opening life, from rank and
ease I haste
The soldier's rugged toil to share,—the soldier's
meal to taste.
The camp-fire and the bivouac, the muster and the
march ;
The bugle-blast, the battle-shock, beneath heaven's
shrouded arch ;
Be these my future scenes, be this the warp and
woof of life.
A brother to the poor oppressed, I join them in
the strife,
I claim with them alliance, I hail them kith and
kin ;
I bind their bleeding hearts to mine, to suffer or to
win.

* * * * *

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

A ship is out upon the deep ; beneath its canvas
fold

There muses one, how young in years, in stern
resolve how old !

Still to the western shore he turns, oh ! land him
safely there,

And consummate his fondest wish, fulfil his dear-
est prayer.

O Ocean, chain thy tempest now, restrain thy
sterner mood,

And bid thy softest breezes waft the beautiful, the
good ;

For never to thy charge was given a brighter gem
than he,

Who rends the strongest ties of love to battle
with the free.

* * * * *

A bright September day beheld a contest long
and stern,

The youthful nobleman was there, his battle-task
to learn ;

And 'mid the iron hail he stood and cheered his
fainting men,

Inspired with hope the faltering ranks and rallied
them again ;

A wound he bears, but, heedless all, he presses
onward yet,

And Freedom here accepts thy blood, thou gallant
Lafayette ;

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

Around thy brow unfading wreaths America shall
twine,
And think of thee with throbbing heart, of thee
and Brandywine.

STARK, OF BENNINGTON.

The Americans took four brass field-pieces, one thousand muskets, nine hundred swords, and four baggage-wagons, a very seasonable supply.—*Frost's History*.

PUSH on the column, Colonel Baum, with wary
step and sure,
Push on the column, Colonel Baum, with Indian
scouts before,
And show your German blood to-day, and let the
war-whoop tell
That savage bands with tomahawks can do my
bidding well ;
The flour and corn of Bennington, so snugly
packed away,
Shall have Burgoyne for owner before the close of
day.

With stealthy tread, a hundred strong, the feathered
Indians go,
And Baum, with half a thousand, brings up the
rear as slow ;

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

With wain, and black-mouthed cannon, and ensign
in the breeze,

They come, ye brave Green Mountain boys, your
garnered hoard to seize.

But Starke had heard about you, Baum, and the
patriot sternly said,

That rebel corn and flour will make a *stony kind
of bread* ;

Yes, Starke has got the warning, and if you still
persist,

*An iron mill will do the work, and you shall be the
grist.*

That corn and flour are dear to him as silver from
the mine,

And, oh ! Burgoyne, keep cool to-day, it never
shall be thine.

Throw up your breastwork, Colonel Baum, and
give your cannon play,

For Freedom's rusty firelocks will match you well
to-day ;

New Hampshire's plain militia and Warner's regi-
ment,

When fighting for "the children's bread," will
surely not relent ;

Throw up your breastwork, Colonel Baum, for it
will be your last,

As came upon Assyrian host that mystic angel-
blast ;

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

So on thy forces, and on thee, the whirlwind shall
descend,

And here upon the rebel soil thy brief career must
end.

* * * * *

They count the spoils of victory with bosoms
beating strong,

And every brazen field-piece is honored with a
song ;

Around the swords and muskets, like joyous boys
they press,

Theirs is an El Dorado mine of hope and happi-
ness.

And while the captured foe look on, with sad and
altered mien,

They pipe a gleesome roundelay upon the trodden
green ;

Like maiden at the placid brook, which mirrors all
her charms,

They thrill with exultation at the noble stand of
arms,

And cheer the gallant chieftain who led their forces
on,

And canonized the very dust of good old Ben-
nington,

Who proved to British veterans the rusty firelocks'
power,

And kept within his lion gripe *his country's corn*
and flour.

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

VALLEY FORGE.

Their line of march from White Marsh to Valley Forge might have been traced by the blood from the bare and mangled feet of the soldiers.—*Frost's History*.

OUR path is traced by a crimson stain,
We leave our mark on the snow-clad plain,
As onward to Valley Forge we press,
Where all will be bleak and verdureless.

Our wives are sighing by hearthstones drear,
Our babes are sobbing and we not near,
The tempest raves through the rifted wood,
And Grief keeps time in her wildest mood.

We go with the axe our huts to raise,
And then to creep to the camp-fire's blaze,
And talk, as our heartstrings closer twine,
Of comrades we lost at Brandywine.

We will know what Famine means, and wish
For the nook of home and the smoking dish ;
And our aching limbs, as they shrink with cold,
Will feel how scant is the garment's fold.

Our path is traced by a ruddy dye,
But we turn our thoughts to the distant sky,
And the snow-clad plain seems a vernal sod,
When we feel our cause is the cause of God.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

The foe will lodge in the city gay,
And Howe and his troops keep cares away,
And the feast and the dance will loudly tell
How St. George's sons hold carnival.

But we in the rude-built huts will wait
For a brighter day and a nobler fate ;
And, as clings to the sire the trusting son,
We will nestle close to our Washington.

Our path is traced by a crimson stain,
Our blood pours out like the April rain,
But a Spartan heart and an iron will
Shall be the portion of freemen still.

Then, brothers, on to the forest wild,
Let the axes ring,—be the timber piled,—
The cheek of the Briton will burn with shame
When Valley Forge has a deathless name.

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELA-
WARE.

On the evening of the 25th of December he crossed the Delaware, marched all night, attacked the Hessians, who had not the slightest intelligence of his approach, and routed them with great slaughter. Colonel Rahl could not resist the impetuous attack, directed, as it was, by Washington in person. And while one thousand of their best troops remained prisoners of war, Washington recrossed to his camp, with the loss of but nine of his men.—*Frost's History.*

No sleep to-night, for through the ice
The boats must push their way,
And, landing on the farther shore,
Our black-mouthed cannon play.

The snow and sleet, to beating hearts,
Bring nought of grief or gloom ;
Hope's heaven-born flower, on Christmas-eve,
Shall burst in vernal bloom.

With forces spread, they sleep secure,
While we are drifting nigh.
Ah ! how our victor shout will peal
Beneath the wintry sky !

No sleep to-night ; an icy path
Conducts us to the foe ;
And Rahl, let once the morning break,
The rebels' might shall know.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

Silent as shadows o'er the lea,
Stern as an Alpine hill,
Banded as Macedonian force,
Calm as the noiseless rill ;

Thus pass we, in the hush of night,
Each nerve all braced and strong ;
And, with a whirlwind's stunning blow,
Retrieve our country's wrong.

Look up ! Above the frozen stream
The sentinels of heaven—
The pure, serene, and holy stars—
Keep watch and ward at even.

And thus the tranquil light of Trust
No chilling doubt may hide ;
Like pencilled ray from upper dome,
It travels by our side.

Defeat but rallies to our aid
The noble and the true ;
Defeat the hero's heart has made
But thrill with hope anew.

No sleep to-night ! Our Christmas-eve,
'Mid cold, is bravely passed.
Wait but the first gray streak of dawn,
And then the bugle-blast

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

Upon the Hessians' startled host
Will break, with wizard spell,
And we, with guarded captive-train,
Hold joyous festival.

THE OMEN AT PRINCETON.

The frame in which the portrait of King George was suspended was subsequently honored with the likeness of Washington. The canvas on which the features of royalty were depicted was shot away by a cannon-ball at the battle of Princeton.

ROUND the College blazed the cannon,
And the portals, like a leaf,
Quivered at the thundering volley,
Ordered by the rebel chief;
High above the tide of battle,
Surging as a lava wave,
Floated Freedom's glorious pennon,
Borne aloft by spirits brave.

Wheel the ordnance to the centre
(Thus the voice its burden sent),
Sweep the door so barricaded,
Give the foe stern punishment;
Enfilade the hall of science,
Storm them in their fine retreat;
Death, amid the field of letters,
May pour lustre on defeat.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

Flew the balls where sons of Wisdom
Peacefully their classic lore
Oft had conned, and inly pondered,
Thus augmenting learning's store.
Mars had now displaced Minerva,
And his brazen corselet rang,
And his bow-string, old and trusty,
Gave its own sonorous twang.

In a recess hung a portrait,
Picturing King George's face,
And its brow was peering proudly
Now within that leaguered place ;
But a ball came whizzing sternly,
Like a tongue of Etna flame,
And, as if by Heaven directed,
Cut the canvas from the frame.

There the gilded wood was hanging,
Like a poor, deserted throne,
From whose seat a king departing
Left its tinsel gauds alone.
Swift, almost, as flash in summer,
Swift as bird upon the wing,
All the labor of the artist,
Like a flake, was vanishing.

What an omen, sure and precious !
What a lesson, taught of God !

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

Royalty was soon to perish,—
Perish at the people's nod.
Soon did Freedom, blest protector,
She whom despots could not tame,
Sunder all our country's fetters,
Cut like canvas from the frame.

SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE.

A MORNING in October ; the forest-leaves were
brown ;
The trees their leafy honors were showering freely
down,
The river danced, as sunlight came trembling to
its breast,
And autumn in its garniture was beautifully drest.
Out of their camp an army marched, with solemn
tread and slow ;
The trumpeters were silent now, no note had they
to blow ;
St. George's banner drooped in dust as 'twould
not rise again,
And England's chivalry was dim on Saratoga's
plain.

A morning in October ; the sky was all aglow,
And so was Gates, the rebel chief, with rapture's
overflow.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

To Canada Burgoyne the bold can never force his
way,
And now his stern six thousand are doomed to
yield the day.
Sir Henry Clinton hastens not with reinforcement strong ;
For up the Hudson, with his troops, his ships are
borne along.
St. George's banner droops in dust, as 'twould
not rise again,
And England's chivalry is dim on Saratoga's
plain.

A morning in October ; ho ! Gates, thou art master
here !
Thy mandate ringeth potently upon the foeman's
ear.
See how, upon the river's verge, their shining
arms they pile,
While Nature seems to give thee congratulation's
smile.
How Washington will triumph, when to his ear
has sped
The news, which soon its rapture within his heart
shall shed ;
The news which proves that royal pride is van-
quished now and slain ;
That England's chivalry is dim on Saratoga's
plain.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

When from Ticonderoga thy forces marched in
glee,

Ah, didst thou think, Burgoyne the bold, defeat
awaited thee?

When to Fort Edward fled in haste our panic-
stricken band,

Say, didst thou not toward them point thy own
deriding hand?

But Fate has turned the fickle tide, and now our
eagle's eye

Drinks in, unchecked, the splendors of a pro-
pitious sky.

Well may thy gorgeous banner droop as 'twould
not rise again,

For England's chivalry is dim on Saratoga's
plain.

Six thousand strong,—six thousand strong,—ah !
ye are now but weak ;

No flush comes o'er your face to-day, your bold
success to speak.

Pile up the arms ; ye fight no more ; the God of
hosts decrees

That all your power shall shake and fall, like
autumn leaves from trees.

Learn, learn the truth,—that Freedom's cause is
still the cause of Heaven ;

Know, for a surety, all our chains, though mas-
sive, shall be riven.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

Go back to royalty, Burgoyne, nor be thy mes-
sage vain,
And may thy sovereign wisdom learn from Sara-
toga's plain.

RETREAT FROM BARREN HILL.

A MORN in May, and Howe and Grant held con-
verse deep and low,
Concerting how they might dislodge their strongly
posted foe ;
East of the Schuylkill's stream, they knew, the
firm intrenchment lay,
Where Lafayette, the chieftain, stood, in all his
bright array.
And thus Lord Howe began, in tones as measured
and as stern
As ever mark the lion-hearts on battle-fields who
learn :

“ The boy of France has arrogance within his
panting breast,
Since in the rebel cause his king companionship
experts,
As if the Bourbon, by his pen, proclaiming traitors
free,

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

Could snatch a falling land from what must be its
destiny ;
As if the Fleur-de-lis had strength within our
breath to thrive,
And by its blooming petals could a scentless shrub
revive.
In commerce and alliance an ancient Christian
crown,
Forgetful of its dignity, has stooped to rebels
down ;
And joy was in that rebel camp, and salvos shook
the ground,
And eloquence proclaimed the news with syllables
profound.
Why, Grant, it stings me to the quick to see the
dastard brood
Thus revelling like buccaneers within the wild
greenwood,
As if the Lion's crest had fallen, as if our sinewy arm
Was by a treaty paralyzed and robbed of vigor
warm.
Go, Grant, and take thy chosen force, and march
to Barren Hill,
And let the cannon tell the tale that Britons we
are still ;
Surprise the boy of France at once, and by thy
victor word
Strip from him all his chosen host as plumage
from the bird ;

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

Silence the battery,—shall he dare to post himself
so high,

While quartered yet in Valley Forge the menial
forces lie?

Forward! your very chargers prance, and this be
still your tone,—

'Down with the rebel foe and France! Saint
George and Albion!'

* * * * *

Militia on the lookout! deserted is your post;

Grant will effect his purpose, and Lafayette be
lost.

Militia on the lookout! how faithless to your
trust!

Your country's banner-fold, to-day, through you
may trail in dust.

Down on your forces, like a hawk, he makes a
circling sweep,—

He, Grant the Briton, who your cause in infamy
would steep.

Ah! Lafayette, 'twill tax your skill to draw your
forces off;

Mature your measures quickly now, or be the
foeman's scoff;

In fertile policy to-day be all thy wisdom shown,
And tho' a boy in years, thou shalt in acts a man
be known.

Draw off thy forces to the camp, and never lose a
man;

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

Stamp conquest even on retreat, and march with
rear and van ;
Elude the snare with wary heart, and when the
net is thrown,
Theirs be the blank astonishment to find the prey
is gone.

* * * * * *

Joy in the camp at Valley Forge,—two thousand
chosen men
Are piping out the roundelay, like maidens in a
glen ;
And Barren Hill becomes a name potential in its
spell ;
For there the gallant Lafayette performed the
hero well,
And Grant went back to Howe chagrined, with
drooping rear and van,
To whimper how, at Barren Hill, the *boy had foiled*
the man.

THE VICTORY AT MONMOUTH.

“ HOLD them in check,—that British host,
Till I bring up the van ;
And, Lee, whatever be the cost,
Be sure to play the man.

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

Clinton at Monmouth halts to-day,
All waiting for our blow,
And what will Howe, his chieftain, say
Upon his overthrow?
Remember Valley Forge, and stir
Thy every pulse to life ;
Remember Valley Forge, nor err,
When once begins the strife.
Decision, prudence, zeal, be thine,
A will of iron power ;
Each element of force combine,
And grasp the favoring hour.
I lean on thee : my bursting heart
Has had its days of gloom ;
But still I hoped a *rill* would start,—
A *flower* in sunlight bloom.
Hold them in check, that British host,
Till I bring up the van ;
And, Lee, whatever be the cost,
Be sure to play the man."

Time sped, and Washington advanced
To grapple with the strong,
His warrior spirit all entranced
With notes of victor-song,—
When on, in full retreat, came Lee,
With charger wet with foam.
Why did his reinforcement flee?
Why did he not strike home?

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

“ Go back, oh, recreant, turn the tide,
Ere we be swept away ;
Go back, nor let my soul deride
To see the great decay.”

Stung to the quick, he spurred his steed,
And brought his troops to bear.
Alas ! the tempest-shaken reed
Defeat again must share ;
Thus driven back afresh, there came
That thunderbolt of war,
And Washington, like Etna flame,
Became the guiding star.
Give way !—his cannons blaze in might ;
Give way !—his sword is strong ;
Or ere the shades of coming night
Will be avenged the wrong.
To Sandy Hook, that night, withdrew
The shattered British host.
Clinton the rebels' courage knew,
And Monmouth was our boast.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

MIDDLEBROOK.

In the autumn succeeding the battle of Monmouth, Washington took up his winter quarters in huts which he had caused to be constructed at Middlebrook, in New Jersey.

THE lowly huts of Middlebrook,
Which sheltered from the storm
Those who from God their lesson took,
Nor bowed to human form,—
What glory gathers round the spot,
Like aureola gleam !
And passing time eclipses not
Of light that radiant stream.

The crowded huts of Middlebrook !
Our Roman sires were there,
Who on the future dared to look,
And knew not to despair.
'Mid autumn's foliage sere and dead,
'Mid winter's snow and blast,
Hope, like the Eastern palm-tree, spread,
And flourished to the last.

Sequestered huts of Middlebrook !
The nation's heart beat high,
When Clinton fled to Sandy Hook,
And " Monmouth !" was our cry.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

And they who played the hero then
Have passed to dust away,
And the log-built homes of truest men
Have yielded to decay.

But hopes that rose at Middlebrook,
And stern resolves, that there
Once murmured in a lowly nook,
Are passing everywhere ;
They speed around the earth, and shake
The crumbling thrones of kings ;
And despots start, to cringe and quake,
And feel like guilty things.

Oh ! sainted hearts at Middlebrook,
Your mission was sublime ;
The cause you never once forsook
Is bounded by no clime.
That cause,—the cause of truth and right,—
Omnipotent as God,
Is destined to go forth and smite
With more than Aaron's rod.

Thrice holy spot of Middlebrook !
A Mecca to the heart,
As on thy lowly huts we look,
A Delphian shrine thou art,

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

And in the camp-fire's ruddy gleam,
Which fancy lights anew,
There bursts a holier, heavenlier beam
Than e'er Prometheus drew.

The lowly huts of Middlebrook !
Our fathers rested there ;
And green forever be the nook,
And pure that Jersey air ;
And may the pillar and the cloud
That went before their host
Still rear its canopy of flame,
Nor by their sons be lost.

WYOMING.

Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, was a flourishing settlement, containing about one thousand inhabitants. The Tories of the neighborhood, uniting with the hostile Indians, in the summer of 1778, massacred a large number and laid waste the country. This atrocity gave a sterner aspect to the subsequent character of the war.—*Frost's History*, page 254.

A DEMON yell, the flash of steel, and massacre
complete ;
All hope shut out, one rayless void, no refuge, no
retreat ;

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

The matron at her peaceful hearth, the maiden
 'mid her glee,
The yeoman at his noonday meal beneath the
 homestead tree,
The grandame by whose side in joy her daughter's
 children played,
And nosegays from the perfumed flowers with
 agile fingers made ;—
All sunk in death when treachery performed its
 function base,
And the plumed savage swept in wrath through
 Nature's loveliest place.

Wyoming vale ! how beautiful upon that summer
 morn,
Ere rapine's cry upon the gale so terribly was
 borne,
Ere Tories urged a fiendish tribe to mar the quiet
 scene,
Where Peace on conscious Innocence all trustingly
 could lean !
Wyoming vale ! how beautiful, till serpents trail'd
 along,
And brothers of a common blood concerted cruel
 wrong ;
Till Loyalists with double heart could stimulate a
 foe,
Who, once in carnage but embarked, no mild re-
 lenting know !

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

From farm to farm the tidings spread, and terror-
stricken men
Rush forth in haste, to never see the lowly hearth
again,
With food and raiment left untouched, and money's
garnered store,
The surging flame behind, alas! and stern, stern
want before.
Base, base the hearts that plotted deep! Can Sus-
quehanna's flood
Wash out from candid page of truth that chron-
icle of blood?
No!—treachery so marked as this, on iron tablet
traced,
Can never, by the lapse of time, be softened or
effaced.

Advance, ye Continental troops! drive off the
savage foe,
And bid Wyoming's vale again its cultured beauty
show.
Hide, hide yourselves, ye Tory band; revenge no
longer sleeps,
And Justice puts the helmet on when suffering
Goodness weeps;
In sternest fray the thought will come how inno-
cence has bled;
How through the air to lowly hearts the barbed
arrows sped.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

Then ! then ! ye Continental troops, with British
foe in sight,
Recall Wyoming's peaceful vale and all the past
requite.

PUTNAM'S LEAP.

PUT rowels to thy steed, and sweep
The hundred steps of stone,
And Fame shall canonize thy leap,
And make thy deed our own.

Thy outpost has been visited,
Thy men are few but tried,
And if to field of action led,
Would be their leader's pride.

Tryon approaches—foot and horse !
Now plant the cannon high !
And bid the hail, with whirlwind force,
From each old field-piece fly.

Retard their progress,—bid thy men
To yonder swamp withdraw ;
Put rowels to thy steed—and then,
Escape the vulture's maw.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

The precipice is near the church,
With hundred steps of stone,—
Leave Tryon gaping in the lurch,
To find the bird has flown.

One plunge—and he has cleared the steep,
While British bullets shower.
Ah, Albion's cavalry ! that leap
Has far eclipsed your power.

Onward, ye brave dragoons ! pursue !
Let not the steep appall ;
One rebel in his Buff and Blue
Must not outstrip you all.

What ! fifteen hundred foiled by one,
Who scours the plain below ?
On, Tryon ! face the risk he run,
Or laurel-wreath forego.

To Stamford hastens Putnam now
His band to reinforce,
And with cool nerve and honest brow
Starts fresh upon the course.

He faces quick about,—pursues
Tryon's returning host,
Happy, when he the day reviews,
To count no moment lost.

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

Intrepid spirit ! how sublime
Thy thrice adventurous deed !
And yet shall live through coming time
The rider and his steed !

STONY POINT.

On the 15th of July, 1779, Washington despatched General Wayne to Stony Point to dislodge the British garrison. The fort was carried by storm, five hundred and forty-eight being taken prisoners and sixty-three killed, while the ordnance, standard, and military stores fell into the possession of the conquerors.—*Frost's History*, page 258.

OF all the brave heroes who figured in arms,
In garrison warfare or fray on the plain,
Whose steel of pure azure was circled with charms,
Who, who could compete with mad Anthony
Wayne?

He rushed to the charge like a bird on the wing,
As sweeps the Euroclydon over the main,
And as the clear sound of his muskets would ring,
His men gave a cheer for old Anthony Wayne.

'Twas a midsummer day, and our Washington
said,

“Yon Stony Point fortress I think we might
gain.”

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

“ I will fight in the sun, or if not, in the shade,
But take it I must,” vowed our Anthony
Wayne.

“ Its stores and its ordnance we must secure,
Its standards which wave from the battlement
tall ;
Our bayonets’ charge will be solid and sure,
Like bees we will pour through the breach in
the wall.

“ Six hundred are there in a bulwark of pride,
And the juice of the grape floweth free in their
bowl,
And the downfall of rebels they pledge in the
tide,
By the ashes of Warren ! I’ll capture the
whole.

“ Virginia laments for her Suffolk in dust,
East Haven is gone by the torch of the foe,
And Fairfield and Norwalk have sated their lust,
And the sons of Connecticut fall by the blow.

“ By those hearths which are desolate, mothers are
pale,
And the tear-drops of beauty distill as the rain,
But the cry of Revenge ! shall be borne on the
gale,
And he who will swell it is Anthony Wayne.”

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

'Twas musket to musket the rampart was scaled,
And men were contending with sinews of steel,
And nerves that were strung for the contest now
 failed,
While foemen at last had to falter and reel.

Dislodged was the enemy ; ordnance and store
 Changed hands in the struggle, and fell to his
 lot.

A wound from the action the conqueror bore,
 But reckless was he of the blade or the shot.

For sixty had swelled the stern list of their dead,
 And five times an hundred were led in his train.
O'er Stony Point fortress a halo was shed,—
 That halo was kindled by Anthony Wayne.

THE MUSCOVY DRAKE.

Mrs. Sabina Elliott, a Southern lady, having beheld the activity of an English officer in plundering her poultry-yard, and finding an old Muscovy drake which had escaped the search, ordered her servant to follow on horseback and deliver the fowl to the officer with her compliments, concluding that in his hurry he had left it by mistake.—*Grimshaw's History*, page 179.

HE ranged with glee among chickens and geese,
For their rebel owner he longed to fleece,
 Though she was a Southern fair ;

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

Her raven curls and her hazel eye
Had failed to arouse his chivalry,
So the poultry-house was bare.

She could not censure the gallant act,
For the towns of rebels were often sacked,
And rebel hen-coops too ;
And to make the feathery legion tramp,
Like trembling prisoners from their camp,
Would his martial zeal renew.

A dainty stomach the soldier had,
And a piece of the breast would not taste bad
With a little generous Hock ;
The leg of the goose and the turkey-wing,
With some onion-sauce, would be just the thing,
Epicurus would own the stock.

Saint George's men never stooped to care ;
Some quarter was bound to supply the fare,
And that of the choicest brand ;
They drove off cows and they captured sheep,
And among the poultry how clean a sweep
They made with an outstretched hand !

But, officer bold, you were not awake
When you slighted that old Muscovy drake,
And paid no respect to age.
Did you think for carving 'twould be too tough ?
Your sword-blade is certainly keen enough
Dissection's war to wage.

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

Ah ! Mistress Sabina Elliott

“A rod in pickle” has surely got

For the gallant cavalier.

“Haste, Thomas, and saddle the horse,” says she,

“And take the old drake for company,

And straight for his honor steer.”

Off galloped the steed with flowing mane,

And Thomas was Gilpin o'er again,

While scudding before the wind ;

He gained on the man in the red cloth gay,

And his Missus had taught him what to say,

And 'twas easy the words to find.

“Respects to Ginerel, but by mistake

He left in de rear de Muscovy drake,

But carried away de chicken ;

My Missus desires her compliments,

And here I give 'em to all intents,

And success attend de pickin'.”

MARION'S DINNER.

A British officer, sent to negotiate an exchange of prisoners, was conducted into Marion's encampment. There the scene took place which is here commemorated. The young officer was so deeply affected by the senti-

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

ments of Marion that he subsequently resigned his commission and retired from the British service.—*Grimshaw's History*, page 163.

THEY sat on the trunk of a fallen pine,
And their plate was a piece of bark,
And the sweet potatoes were superfine,
Though bearing the embers' mark ;
But Tom, with the sleeve of his cotton shirt,
The embers had brushed away,
And then to the brook, with a step alert,
He hied on that gala day.

The British officer tried to eat,
But his nerves were out of tune,
And, ill at ease on his novel seat,
While absent both knife and spoon,
Said he :—" You give me but Lenten fare ;
Is the table thus always slim ?
Perhaps with a Briton you will not share
The cup with a flowing brim ?"

Then Marion put his potato down
On the homely plate of bark,—
He had to smile, for he could not frown,
While gay as the morning lark,—
"'Tis a royal feast I provide to-day ;
Upon roots we rebels dine ;
And in Freedom's service we draw no pay ;
Is that code of ethics thine ?"

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

Then, with flashing eye and with heaving breast,
He looked to the azure sky,
And, said he, with a firm, undaunted crest,
“Our trust is in God on high.
The hard, hard ground is a downy bed,
And hunger its fang foregoes,
And noble and firm is the soldier's tread
In the face of his country's foes.”

The officer gazed on that princely brow,
Where valor and genius shone,
And upon that fallen pine his vow
Went up to his Maker's throne :
“I will draw no sword against men like these ;
It would drop from a nerveless hand,
And the very blood in my heart would freeze
If I faced such a Spartan band.”

From Marion's camp, with a saddened mien,
He hastened with awe away ;
The sons of Anak his eyes had seen,
And a giant race were they.
No more on the tented field was he,
And rich was the truth he learned,
That men who could starve for Liberty
Can neither be crushed nor spurned.

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

OLD CONTINENTAL PAPER.

The paper currency issued by Congress first appeared in the latter part of 1775. Its depreciation was gradual. In a few places it continued to circulate for the first four months of 1781. The author, when a boy, used to gaze with deep interest at one of these old notes in his father's possession, and the reflections subjoined do but embody his youthful emotions at the time.

TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT MORRIS, FINANCIER OF
A STRUGGLING COUNTRY.

OLD Continental paper ! the saffron hue of time
Has stolen o'er thy texture, once clear when in its
 prime ;
The figures on thy face, once fresh, look patri-
 archal sadly,
And note-engravers might impugn thy execution
 madly ;
But yellow and antique as thou to other eyes may' st
 be,
Old Continental paper ! thou hast mystic charms
 for me :
I take thee in my hand, and mark the names
 which gave thee worth,
When thou, a goodly pioneer, didst hail a nation's
 birth ;
And that dear, old-fashioned Congress, a Spartan
 band, I see,

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

Declaring, with united breath, that God had made
them free ;

The form of Patrick Henry looms up in giant phase,
And the very smile of hope I catch which o'er
his features plays,

As, flinging upward to the heavens his sinewy
arm, he cries,

“Up, and smite off your fetters ! Rise, like the
ocean, rise !”

Old Continental paper ! thou pealest in my ear
The battle-cry of Bunker Hill when scarlet coats
drew near.

I view the face of Warren in thy rough-shaped
letters, plain,

And as Freedom's proto-martyr, I note him with
the slain.

The snows of Valley Forge, anon, are crimsoning
in my view,

Where blood had marked the footprints of the
loyal and the true,

And the Leader rests his pensive brow upon his
hands at night,

For, through the thickening shadows, Hope casts
but taper light.

Old Continental paper ! the name of Brandywine,
Of Monmouth, and of Princeton too, are braided
into thine,

And Yorktown, where the grounded arms and
folded banner said :

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

“The king that sought the young child’s life—
fair Freedom’s life—is dead !

Dead in his influence to harm, dead in his potent
sway,

Thrice dead in his design to wrench your chartered
rights away !”

Yorktown ! where scarlet coats defiled before the
Buff and Blue

In a silence to that lengthened line as strange as it
was true !

Old Continental paper ! the letters on thy face
Call from their graves the Mothers of that more
than Spartan race,—

Women who melted into balls the good old leaden
sashes,

And filled the knapsacks with the stuff to deal out
rebel gashes ;

Women who made the *homespun*, and put it on
their sons,

And bade their husbands say farewell to wife and
little ones ;

Women who gave the shield and said, not in a
measured sonnet,

But in stern Saxon syllables, “Come *with* it, or
upon it !”

Old Continental paper ! we have grown a mighty
size,

And we begin to “*calculate*” that we are rich and
wise.

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

Labor is at his wheel in peace, and Science on her
chair,
And the flag which guards our commerce is float-
ing everywhere ;
The golden harvest waveth, and the reaper singeth
free,
And all these blessed issues we associate with *thee*.
Far to the West there floweth a vast commingled
tide,
As when from Egypt marched the Jews, unfettered
and in pride ;
They caught the guiding ray of hope when far
across the main,
And can they in their prison-house another hour
remain ?
No ; o'er the surging billows to the regions of the
West,
Where peace and plenty stretch their arms, be-
guiling them to rest.
No ; gardens must be planted where rise those
forests dim ;
Their sounding aisles shall echo to childhood's
freedom hymn ;
These thronging bands, whose axes' ring betokens
progress yet,
Who in our land the bitter ills of serfdom's lot
forget ;
These moving myriads pressing on to mingle with
the free,

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

Are linked with thy old yellow page, oh, how undyingly !
Let beauteous issues of the Bank invite us to ignore
The history of that olden Note which toddled on before,—
That olden Note, upon whose faith our fathers fought and won,
Bequeathing better currency when the toilsome work was done !
No graver's art can execute a bill with half the charm .
Which bids those faded figures assume a mantle warm,
For all our past achievements bright, and all we hope to be,
Are of thyself a living part,—*are warp and woof with thee !*

FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

On the 23d of September, 1779, took place that most memorable encounter between the "Bon Homme Richard," under the command of Paul Jones, and the British frigate "Serapis," of forty-four guns. The action took

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place off Flamborough Head ; the moon was shining ;
and the action, which lasted four hours, was witnessed
by thousands of interested spectators.

MOONLIGHT was on the wave ; September's eve
Was calm and beautiful ; the swell and heave
Of ocean's billow came upon the ear
Like music mellowed in an upper sphere.
The line of coast was throng'd, for hearts will
 leap

When Mars comes down to reign upon the deep.
That thunderbolt of war, intrepid Paul,
With conquest ever at his wizard call,
In sight of Scotia's port, the town of Leith,
Had won in honest strife the warrior's wreath.
The "Pallas" and the "Vengeance" there awoke
Their slumbering guns, that tones emphatic spoke.
Now the "Serapis" would he capture here,
Where the bold headland rises true and clear.
But late, with crew select, she sailed in pride ;
No ship more buoyant ever clove the tide.
The "Bon Homme Richard" dares not to com-
 pete

With the proud frigate, jewel of the fleet.
But in her captain's iron will her trust ;
If Paul say "Conquer," conquer then he must.
If in his might he bid the broadside tell,
Each plank of British oak shall feel the spell,
The mizzen tremble like an autumn leaf,
And the hull shake as harvest's nodding sheaf.

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

See ! the "Serapis" breaks the silence. See !
That raking broadside, Paul, was meant for thee.
Hark ! how the shout from Flamborough arose,
While the full moon inspirited the foes.
But wait till o'er the tide the galling shower
Shall open seams within thy sides of power.
Stern, full, relentless, every rebel ball,
Like Vulcan's bolt, with vengeful strength must
fall.

Now from the "Bon Homme" comes the quick
reply,

And lights the headland and the autumn sky ;
And on the coast deep feelings ebb and flow.
The cheek in pallor, or the heart's stern throe,
Attest the interest of the spell-bound throng,
And how emotion's current hastes along.
Look up ! the British bowsprit thou canst hold,
For o'er thy poop it comes. Rouse, warrior bold !
Seize, seize the ropes which from that bowsprit
hang

And make them fast. Ah ! how the welkin rang
When, swinging round, alongside thus she lay !
And when with heightening ardor raged the fray,
The bow of one close to its neighbor's stern,
The cordage flames, the seasoned timbers burn,
Commingled prayers and imprecations rise ;
The foeman's mainmast totters, then it lies,
Like the tall giant, when he bent the head,
And awed Philistia knew her champion dead.

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

Strike, strike your colors ! Soon the midnight bell
Will sound for many a tar its solemn knell.
The "Bon Homme Richard" soon must sink like
 lead,
When all her wounded on your deck are spread.
But Freedom's cause shall never thus be merged
While her bold claim by iron hearts is urged.
Let but such men as he whose stentor tone
Made every sailor its bewitchment own ;
Let but such men as Paul the flag defend,
And Britain's monarch may his raiment rend,
And Flamborough head be but the exponent
 stern
Of what we rebels teach, and what the Crown must
 learn.

THE SOLILOQUY OF ARNOLD.

When he was invested with the command of West Point by Washington, General Arnold entered into a secret correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, and agreed that he would make a disposition of his forces which would enable the British general to surprise the post under such circumstances that the garrison must either lay down their arms or be cut to pieces.

THE plan is fixed. I fluctuate no more
Betwixt despair and hope. As leaves the shore
The hardy mariner, though adverse fate
May merge his bark, or cast him desolate

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

Upon a savage coast, so, wrought at last
Up to a frenzied purpose, I have passed
The Rubicon. Farewell, my old renown !
Here I breathe mildew on my warrior crown ;
Here honor parts from me, and base deceit
Steps to the usurper's throne. I cannot meet
The withering censure of the rebel band,
And therefore to the strong I yield this heart and
hand.

What else befits me? I have misapplied
The nation's funds, and ever gratified
Each vaulting wish, tho' Justice wept the deed ;
And here, beneath the load of pressing need,
I must have gold. How else the clamorous cry
Of creditors appease, and satisfy
Demands which haunt me more than dreams of
blood,
And claims which chill more than Canadian flood?
Stay? My accounts betray the swindler's mark.
Go? and my path, though smooth, like Tartarus
is dark.

These rocky ridges, how they shelve on high,
Each a stern sentinel in majesty.
Yes, 'tis your own Gibraltar, —Washington.
And must the stronghold of his hope be won?
Won? Twenty thousand scarcely could invest
That sure defence, which o'er the river's breast

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Casts a gigantic shadow ; but my plan
Dispenses with the formidable van,
And Clinton may my garrison surprise,
With few sulphureous clouds to blot these azure
skies.

And yet a pang comes over me. I see
Myself at Saratoga ; full and free
Goes up the peal of noble-hearted men.
Among the wounded am I numbered then ;
And my outgushing feelings cling to those
Who perilled all to face their country's foes.
Ah ! when that wound a soldier's pride increased,
And gratulation scarce its pæan ceased,
I thought not then, O God ! the stamp of shame
Would stand imprinted thus upon my hard-earned
fame.

Avaunt, compunction ! Conscience, to the wind !
Gold,—gold I need,—gold must Sir Henry find.
A rankling grudge is mine, for why not I
Commander of their forces ? To the sky
Ever goes up the peal for Washington.
Is he a god, Virginia's favored son ?
Why should the incense fume for evermore ?
Must he my skill, my prowess shadow o'er ?
Ere this autumnal moon has filled its horn,
His honors must be nipp'd, his rising glories
shorn.

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

Ah ! he securely rests upon my faith
Securely, when the spectre dims his path.
How unsuspecting has he ever been !
Above the false, the sinister, the mean !
But hold such eulogy ; I will not praise ;
Mine is the task to tarnish all his bays.
West Point, thy rocky ridges seem to say :
Be firm as granite, crown the work to-day,
Blot Saratoga, hearth and home abjure,
André I meet again, the gold I must secure.

THE CAPTURE OF ANDRÉ.

When returning from a conference with Arnold, Major André was intercepted on the 22d of September, near the village of Tarrytown, by three faithful militia soldiers ; John Paulding, Isaac Van Wert, and David Williams, and by the laws of war forfeited his life to a country struggling with an accumulation of disasters. — *Grimshaw's History*, page 169.

THE midnight conference was deep and long,
The plan began with guilt was sealed with wrong.
Between the British and our army's posts,
While slumber settled on the mighty hosts,
Landed in silence from the sloop-of-war
André, of modern chivalry the star,
Young, brave, ingenuous, never more to press
A soldier's couch in hope or happiness.

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

That sloop which bore him owned a fitting name,
The *Vulture*, index of Britannia's shame.
Yes, like *that bird* ye sought but *to devour*,
And glut your vengeance in that gloomy hour.
Arnold was there, and as the time sped by,
Forgot to trace the streakings of the sky,
Till daybreak came, and up the wide expanse
Shot an autumnal sun his rising glance.
The "Vulture," meanwhile, felt the foeman's fire,
And down the stream did prudently retire.
Within our posts conducted, André lay
In dread concealment ; then upon the way
Afresh he started, clad in deep disguise,
Furnished with passports ; and his longing eyes
Strained to the point where Albion's lion crest
Should welcome him to honor and to rest.
Ride on, *John Anderson*,* thy boots contain
The golden documents thy lord would gain.
There, snugly packed, are statements in detail
Which clothe Sir Henry with a coat of mail ;
The key of our Gibraltar is thine own,
And Freedom now must cower beneath the throne.
Safety attends thee still ; the British lines
Are near, yet nearer, and thy planet shines
Auspicious in its mild benignity ;
When, lo ! its disc is darkening. See, ah ! see

* He was thus designated, while Arnold assumed the name of Gustavus.

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Those tall emerging forms. Detected now,
The diadem will pale upon thy brow.
Question and answer quickly come and go ;
The net its meshes has begun to throw,
And in an iron gripe, whose tightening hold
Relaxes not a particle for gold,
Is André now. Begin the search, and see
The record deep of man's duplicity.
There Arnold's pen your wondering eyes shall
meet ;

Haste, bear the packet to your leader's feet.
To you, militiamen, this day is given,
Whether the chain of fate be forged or riven ;
Stern in your honest manhood, take him hence,
And fame will be your bright inheritance ;
On to the quarters of your captain brave,
Secure your prisoner, and your country save.
Paulding, Van Wert, and Williams, noble three !
Your memory greener grows ; and even we
Hold you in grateful reverence, though we sigh
For that poor captured youth thus doomed to die.
Ne'er shall the fact be lost that hearts there are,
Unquelled by *Garter* and unbought by *Star* ;
Whose country's honor far outweighed a crown,
When trembled, to a hair, the scales near Tarry-
town.

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

ANDRÉ ON THE EVE OF EXECUTION.

Allusion is made in this lyric to the fact of Washington's deep feeling when he signed the death-warrant ; also to the artistic talents of André as a painter and a poet ; and, finally, to his memorable saying in reference to the mode of his death, after pleading for the substitution of a nobler one, "It will be but a momentary pang."

THE lilac shall bud and the sweet hawthorn blossom,

Old Severn shall roll his glad waves to the sea,
But André will sleep with the clod on his bosom,
And the proud dream of glory be darkened for me.

Sir Henry has sued, with a soldier's devotion,
The scorn to avert and the blow to restrain ;
But give me the cup, and though bitter the
potion,

To its dregs, like a hero, the draught I will drain.

To-morrow, with guard, I must march from my
prison,

No kindred to cheer me, no comrade to weep ;
By slumber unblest from my pillow I've risen,
But soon in the tomb how unbroken the sleep !

Dear country ! illumined by actions of glory,

My blood at thy shrine a libation I pour ;
Let André but live in thy chronicled story,

And, dying in joy, I petition no more.

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

In pride I sustained the ordeal of trial,
Dissemble I would not, concealment I spurned ;
I asked but one boon, it was met with denial,
Though candor itself said the favor was earned.
I will not upbraid him, the tear fell unbidden,
When the sweep of his pen darkened nature for
me,
And I know the full pulse of his mercy was chid-
den
When the rope of the culprit was made the de-
cree.

Oh, son of Virginia ! the well-spring of feeling
Courses up in thy heart like the tides of the
main,
And though from the throng thy emotion con-
cealing,
A Washington's eye holds its moisture in vain.
Farewell to the hero ! His future shall brighten ;
I see the clear dawn as I pass to my tomb ;
The burden of care on his spirit will lighten,
And Hope as his chaplet of amaranth bloom.

When late from the meadows enamelled I bounded,
And heard the sweet song-bird its melody
pour,
Ah ! little thought I, as the war-bugle sounded,
The music and verdure should greet me no
more.

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The lilac shall bud and the sweet hawthorn blossom,

Old Severn shall roll his glad waves to the sea,
But André shall sleep with the clod on his bosom,
And the proud dream of glory be darkened for me.

My pencil, farewell ! all the tintings of beauty

The canvas will hold when my heart is at rest.
The art that I cherished, unbending from duty,
The last I resign, for I prize it the best ;
For, oh, my creations of fancy when tracing,
The fate of the spy would grow soft by its spell,
But now the stern truth the fair vision is chasing ;
Art, fondest enchantress, farewell, oh, farewell !

Rise, gild the horizon, last sun of my being ;

The pang but a moment, eternal the peace.
Home, kindred, and love, like a mist ye are fleeing ;

One spasm of pain and the conflict will cease.

Oh, England ! illumined by actions of glory,

My blood at thy shrine a libation I pour ;
Let André but live in thy chronicled story,
And, dying in joy, I petition no more.

THE BOY HERO OF RAMSOUR'S MILL.

At the battle of Ramsour's Mill, when Captain Falls received a mortal wound and fell, his son, a youth of fourteen, rushed to the body when the man who had shot him was beginning to plunder it, and, regardless of his opponent's strength, snatched up his father's sword and laid him dead at his parent's feet.—*Grimshaw's History*.

THE foeman bent, with lucre-loving heart,
Above the rebel's scarcely breathing form,
As if to plunder was the noblest part
That heroes played in battle's maddening storm.
Oh, what a brand of shame our nature bears,
When gold the milk of kindness turns to gall,
And Mammon fails to cast aside its cares,
Though fate should interpose a crimson pall!

Perchance but little spoil would crown the search,
Some trifling coins, a pencil, or a knife;
Why should the vulture, sweeping from his perch,
Outrage for these the decencies of life?
Or why, his task extending, should he claim
The dripping vestments as a perquisite?
He thus who gloats on the denuded frame
Might at the Cross with Roman soldiers sit.

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There was an eye that scanned the roving hand ;
There was a boyish heart that laid aside
Its timid fears, and springing to command,
Mustered its surges in the boiling tide.
Thoughts of his early life came trooping fast
Through Memory's portals, and he sat again
Upon a father's knee, when toil was past
And eve's long shadows stretched across the
plain.

He felt his loving clasp, his warm breath came,
Stirring the ringlets on his little head,
And now he saw the plunderer o'er his frame,
In deep dishonor to the noble dead.
In that brief moment vengeance ruled his soul;
Like sudden tempest to the charge he swept,
The sword he wielded with a man's control,
And Mammon's bond-slave back to darkness
crept.

And yet but fourteen summers he had seen,
That hero child, who, like Minerva, sprang,
A perfect warrior on the crimson green,
Prepared Bellona's massive bow to twang.
He, whose dear, gentle spirit would recoil
At pain inflicted on the creeping worm,
Could sternly guard his own invaded soil,
And be for justice as Gibraltar firm.

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There is a depth of earnestness in youth,
A strength of purpose hidden from the sight,
A keen, appreciating sense of Truth,
A tightening clasp to Honor and to Right.
Let the occasion spring the mine, and then
Each sleeping germ vitality acquires,
And smooth-cheeked boyhood feels the pulse of
men,
And freedom's children emulate their sires.

At Ramsour's Mill the tyrant might despond
When fledgling rebels made their mark so
true,
And mothers, as they kissed their children
fond,
Bade them do service to the Buff and Blue.
Still may that spirit in our offspring burn,
Still may the patriot fathers' mantle fall,
That while our ashes rest within the urn
Freedom may find in them her bold, encircling
wall.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

When Louis XVI. of France espoused the cause of the
suffering Americans, he was opposed by the Count de
Vergennes and the Court, but the strong appeal of the

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Commissioners, and the very urgent solicitation of his Queen, whom he fondly loved, turned the scale in their favor.

ON the scaffold, reeking yet
With her royal husband's blood,
Kneels Marie Antoinette,
Pure, and beautiful, and good,
'Mid the strife, and 'mid the din,
Calm as summer-breath at even ;
Ah ! that ice-cold guillotine
Does but speed her soul to heaven.

By that scaffold, reeking yet
With the blood of Louis brave,
Love and sorrow to forget,
Steadily she scanned the grave,
And the children of her heart,*
And her kingdom's sunny clime,
She could with them freely part,
In a martyr-faith sublime.

Golden is the braided strand,
Bright and beauteous is the tie
Which connects our own dear land
With that spirit pure and high.

* She perished on the scaffold in 1793, October 16, with calmness and dignity, nine months after the execution of Louis, leaving the Dauphin and his sister orphans. As an advocate of our country, we love her memory.

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To that soft, persuasive tongue,
When for succor sued the weak,
Sympathetic accents clung,
All that woman's heart could speak.

O'er the far Atlantic strove
Freedom, fainting in the fray ;
Must the tempest whelm the dove ?
Must the Lion rend his prey ?
Will no arm, encased in steel,
Prop the feeble, staggering band ?
Or, must history reveal
Heroes' efforts traced in sand ?

"No !" a gentle voice replies,
And its tones are lofty now ;
See the flashing of her eyes,—
See the noble, queenly brow !
"No ; our fleet your waves shall grace,
Bearing thunder as they glide,
And our Fleur-de-lis shall trace
England on our streamers wide.

"Oh, my husband, bright the gleam
From the jewels on thy breast,
And as childhood's pleasant dream,
Calm will be thy evening's rest
When thy pen, with potent sweep,
Seals deliverance sure and true,
Faith with Washington to keep,
Compact thou wilt never rue."

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Could such pleading be repelled?
Could such suit be turned aside?
When Compassion's bosom swelled,
Must not love be gratified?
Yes, the son of France no more
Heeded cold, prudential form,
And he pledged his treasured store
Like a brother in the storm.

Oh, that scaffold where she kneels,
How our hearts about it cling!
Pity to our bosom steals,
Sheltered as a sacred thing.
Daughter of a noble line,
We would not thy name forget,
Green the chaplet we would twine
Round thy memory, Antoinette!

TARLETON AND THE LADIES.

At a social gathering in Charleston, South Carolina, at which Colonel Tarleton, of the English cavalry, was present as one of the company, some of the ladies complimenting Colonel Washington, he expressed a wish to see him. "Had you looked behind you at the battle of the Cowpens," said a lady, "you might easily have enjoyed that pleasure."—*Grimshaw's History*.

IN social festivity passing the hour
Sat Tarleton, the prince of dragoons,

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Now scanning a painting, now smelling a flower,
Now serving Apollo with tunes ;
The pet of Cornwallis and chivalry's boast,
The noblest to do and to dare,
At Cowpens he lately had closed with a host,
And come off rather worse for the wear.

The ladies of Charleston, with radiant face,
An interlude gave him of joy,
And visions of sabres were banished the place,
For he felt, in his bliss, like a boy ;
The fire of the demon died out in his heart,
And harmony gained on his breast,
Till envy compelled him from calmness to start
At the praise for a rebel expressed.

Colonel Washington's name was the theme of
their lay,
Those guardians of merit, the fair,—
His bearing at hearth, and his prowess in fray,
His manners, his voice, and his air.
Oh, why dost thou wince as the plaudits are rung ?
Oh, wherefore that cloud of a frown ?
The ladies, you know, have a voluble tongue,
Which censure may never vote down.

But the prince of dragoons cannot bottle his rage,
Though graces and fairies are nigh ;
He stoops to a flower, he walks to a cage,
And thinks, " Like canary am I ;

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Surrounded by wires, escape is but vain,
But still I will aim to be free ;
And if ever I mix with these ladies again,
Then good-by to the sabre for me.

“ I often have heard of this hero renowned
(At last poured the torrent of ire) ;
It seems that his equal is yet to be found
In province, or township, or shire ;
His eulogy comes with an emphasis now,
Endorsed by the sweetest of smiles ;
I never have seen him, but, ladies, I vow,
It appears worth a journey of miles.”

The State of Palmetto was ready with wit,
And here was a chance for the girls ;
Of fine Attic salt they would sprinkle a bit,
In spite of old England and earls.
Said one, “ If behind you a glance you had thrown
When beating the Cowpens retreat,*
Colonel Washington then would his visage have
shown,
And told you to keep in your seat.”

* In the battle of the Cowpens Colonel Washington made a successful charge upon Colonel Tarleton, who was cutting down the militia. Colonel W. pursued the British cavalry for miles, but many of them escaped. Eight hundred stand of arms, two field-pieces, eighty-five baggage-wagons, and five hundred prisoners fell into the hands of the victorious Americans.—*Ramsay's History of South Carolina.*

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THE DEAD IN BATTLE.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE SOLDIERS OF
OUR ARMY IN THE CONTINENTAL WAR.

SING for the dead in battle ;
They fell 'mid cannon peal,
The musketry's stern rattle,
The flash of tempered steel ;
For greener are the hill-tops,
Which once in youth they trod,
Since those brave hearts were offered
A holocaust to God.

Where rolls the blue Potomac,
Where Holyoke's peak doth rise,
And grows the tall palmetto
Beneath the Southern skies,
From many a scattered homestead
We see their legions come,
Thrilled by the good old music
Of Continental drum.

Their golden grain was bending,
Their sickle was unswung,
No harvest song ascending
From lusty yeoman's tongue ;
Another field before them
To enterprise invites,

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And ripe, and rich, and beautiful,
The sheaves of freemen's rights.

Where fought the bold Pulaski,
And Steuben led the way ;
Where Lafayette was charging,
On wings of wind were they ;
A body-guard of Spartans
To Putnam, Gates, and Greene,
Their camp-fires all were kindled,
Their sentinels were seen.

They asked no rich provision,
For coarse as was the fare
(And oft 'mid winter's rigor
Their limbs were cold and bare),
The heart had warm pulsations,
The arm had sinew free,
And a dream came to their pillows
Of their children's liberty.

Sing for the dead in battle ;
They fell 'mid shout and fame,
And musketry's stern rattle
With death's own anguish came.
But as they passed the portals
The dew of Hope was shed,
And they blest the cause, immortal,
For which they freely bled.

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Oh, children of the bravest,
Oh, offspring of the great,
The boon they have bequeathed you
Preserve inviolate !
From Bunker Hill to Yorktown,
And thence to Eutaw Springs,
The whole extent is covered
With more than seraph wings.

The Stripe and Star has floated
O'er many a league of space,
And States in quick succession
Have found among us place ;
But resting in their borders,
And hallowing all the shore,
The spirit of our fathers
Must linger evermore.

Sing for the dead in battle,
Sing for the true of heart,
For of our sun-bright heritage
Are they the choicest part ;
Each pebble is a jewel,
Where once their footsteps trod,
And where such hearts were offered
A holocaust to God.

GENERAL GREENE AND THE CLAP
BOARDS.

After General Nathaniel Greene, in his memorable retreat from Cornwallis, had crossed in succession the rivers Catawba and Yadkin, in North Carolina, he encamped on rising ground beyond the latter stream. Occupying a little frame building himself, with a natural breastwork of rock, he began writing his despatches ; but O'Hara, from the other side, commenced a cannonade upon him, which sent the clapboards of the lowly cabin flying in all directions about his head. Such was his composure that he retained his position and completed his despatches.

HE sat in a cabin with tranquil mind,
And a breastwork of rocks before it,
And friend O'Hara was quite inclined
By a cannonade brisk to gore it ;
But Natty Greene was a Quaker raised,
And the quietness of the spirit
Would not allow him to grow amazed,
By giving him strength to bear it.

Across Catawba, a rapid stream,
He had fled with his trusty legion,
And the foeman's sword had a vengeful gleam,
For it waved in a Tory region ;
Across the Yadkin he pushed his way,
When low was the ebbing water ;

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But on swept the flags of Cornwallis gay,
All ready to bathe in slaughter.

But snugly camped on a rising ground,
With a swollen flood between them,
The rebels laughed at the hail-storm's sound,
With a breastwork of rock to screen them ;
And the cabin roof, when it caught a rap,
As it now and then did by snatches,
Gave music to Greene at every tap,
As he sat and prepared despatches.

Did O'Hara know that the cabin held
The man who so bravely foiled him ?
Did he vow the pea should be fairly shelled
Before in his rage he boiled him ?
Or did he direct a random gun,
And go by the law of chances ;
Reckless though hundreds miss, if one
To Nathaniel Greene advances ?

The clapboards flew like a frightened flock
Of birds in a field of clover,
And some of the staff, as they felt the shock,
Decided that all was over ;
But the wary chief, with his pen in gear,
Was putting the ink on paper ;
Should he, who had cleared two rivers, fear
When a shingle cut a caper ?

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The God of that swollen flood, whose cloud
Secreted a deluge timely ;
The God of battles, to whom he bowed,
Could protect his child sublimely ;
Since to Morgan's camp he had turned his face
When the Cowpens' fray was finished,
That guiding hand he could clearly trace,
Nor yet was his faith diminished.

There have been hearts who, in danger's hour,
Have breasted in joy the surges,
And proved that misfortune lost its power
For such as were Boanerges ;
But surely he who, when clapboards flew,
Sat writing in calmness under,
By a double claim may the word renew,
And be known as a Son of Thunder.

KING'S MOUNTAIN.

King's Mountain was an eminence of a circular base. On this Colonel Ferguson was encamped with the Tories. Colonels Cleveland, Shelby, Sevier, and Williams led on to the charge each his own men. Some ascended the mountain, while others went round its base, in opposite directions. The action became general. The killed, wounded, and taken were over eleven hundred. Colonel

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Ferguson had previously been training the disaffected young men and enlisting them.—*Ramsay's History of South Carolina.*

WE have him on the mountain now, a lion fierce
at bay,
Then up, and spread your toils at once, and on to
the foray ;
Cleveland and Shelby in the van, with Williams in
the rear,
Flanked by the heart of oak that throbs so sternly
in Sevier ;
Four rebel knights upon their shields have struck
a brazen tone,
And given to the waiting winds the spell-word,
Ferguson !
Around that mountain's rocky base, and up its
slope of green,
Our rifle-locks will take a hue from heaven's own
garish sheen.
Upon its apex we must stand, the victors of the
hour,
And front to front repel the host, whose serried
columns lower.
King's Mountain ! blot the soaring name ! the
Tory brood must die ;
While we another title give—the Mount of Lib-
erty.
Baptized anew, from its broad height the patriot's
eye shall view,

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Through the transforming lens of Hope, a landscape bold and new ;
No haze to intercept the beam, whose fairy tint shall write
Those blessed words "The promised land !" on every rood in sight.
We have him on the mountain now, he who has trained our young
To speak of Washington the brave with free and ribald tongue ;
He who has trailed his serpent length in many a garden pure,
And by his honeyed speech has made his victim doubly sure,
His banner with its royal crest, his overtures of guile,
His wild harangue, or flowery tropes, or bland, seductive smile,
His show of wealth, his promise, too, of guerdons yet to come,
Have lured our fledglings from their nest, our children from their home ;
They have been trained by martial rule in fratricidal war,
Trained on their kin the curse to heap 'neath Hate's malignant star.
Such tutelage might well become a spirit lost to shame,
But manhood he has blotted out from his dishonored name.

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Injustice finds but sordid means to compass ends
of wrong,
And truth and goodness prove to it a byword and
a song.

They march with spirits strung to hope, and round
the mountain go,

As Hebrew legions once of old surrounded Jericho.
Ho, Ferguson ! the net is laid, the picket-guard
is vain ;

Rebels can to the mountain press if you refuse the
plain.

Retreat ye may not, when a belt of galling fire
surrounds,

And stout Invasion's iron tramp from every
quarter sounds ;

The thrust and parry of the sword, the hand-to-
hand foray,

The lips compressed and sullen brow, are all in
vain to-day.

Schooled in the art of war, and trained to cunning
and finesse,

Thy tactics, Ferguson the brave, shall never serve
thee less ;

Above a thousand shall be lost on whom has
leaned thine arm,

Thy bulwarks must forego their strength, thy
banner fold its charm.

On, Shelby, to the rescue there ! Press, Williams,
to his aid !

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Look, Cleveland, how the ranks grow thin beneath
thy trenchant blade ;
And yonder plunges our Sevier amid the heaving
tide,
Like swimmer, when amid the sea he dashes surge
aside,
While, with their brows like stiffened cords, the
standard-bearers leap,
And plant the pennon of the true upon the crim-
son steep.
Thus Carolina's patriot heart with Washington
could beat,
And from her borders sounded out "The Loyal-
ist's Retreat."
No foot of ground to renegades was voted by the
true,
But all her soil was Holyrood that met the ardent
view ;
Her pulse was lightning to the touch, when the
sword she buckled on,
And hunted from his mountain lair the subtle
Ferguson.

FORT NINETY-SIX.

This important post was commanded by Colonel Cruger, and defended by five hundred men. General Greene determined to besiege it in form. He accordingly, on the 25th of May, pushed on his works with

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vigor ; but this bright prospect of success was suddenly overclouded by the intelligence that Lord Rawdon, having received reinforcements from Ireland, was hastening to the relief of his countrymen at the head of two thousand men. Greene tried to carry the fort by assault, but was repulsed, and retreated to the northward across the Saluda.

OUR mound was thirty feet in air,
Our riflemen were posted there,
So strong the vantage ground ;
Saint George and rebels fairly met,
And on the bristling parapet
We made the bullets sound.

It was the twenty-fifth of May
When freemen caught the reveille
And sprang before the ditch ;
And Cruger felt how vain his tricks
To keep the fort of Ninety-six
So close within our reach.

Augusta had surrendered first,
And Lee, who manly hopes had nursed,
Had proved the Chevalier.
“ Push on to Ninety-six,” cried Greene,
“ To wrench their last defence I mean,
And keep our border clear.”

“ Along the Congaree their posts
Have failed to verify the boasts

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Which English legions swelled ;
When Marion, from the everglades,
Put lightning in his rusty blades,
The vaunting heart has quailed."

Then merrily the ground we broke,
And music lingered in the stroke,
And pushed our works with form;
For hands untrained were quick to learn,
And brows were fixed and looks were stern,
Precursive of the storm.

"They'll beat a parley, yet," said Greene,
"Savannah's waters with their sheen
Shall dance in double joy,
For on the crested parapet
Our rifle-balls are ringing yet,
And powder is our toy."

"But Rawdon comes to reinforce !"
Alas ! like note of raven hoarse
Fell the announcement dire ;
From Ireland he has drawn the band,
And his may prove a wizard wand
To intermit our fire.

Hard is it for the gallant ship
To find her solid cable slip
When she would grasp the shore.

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Hard was it at the Isthmian race
For combatant to yield his place
And sink to run no more.

Thus reaching to the golden fruit,
We had to yield,—in hot pursuit
Pressed Rawdon on our men.
“Wheel, and retreat,” the words of gloom,
The flower is frosted in its bloom,
It cannot scent the glen.

But when the timid said to Greene,
“In old Virginia be thou seen,
And be from care exempt,”
He cried with words of proud disdain,
“Our Carolina I will gain
Or die in the attempt!”

THE HEIGHTS ABOVE SANTEE.

To Orangeburg retreats
Lord Rawdon with his band,
And Colonel Cruger meets,
With forces at command.
And now its fold invites
That banner of the free,
Where it mantles on the heights,
On the heights above Santee.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

The scouting-parties haste,
 With Sumter in the van,
And Marion firmly braced,
 To play again the man.
"From Charleston keep them back,
 Lest stronger grown than we,
They should evade our track
 From the heights above Santee."

"What is the news?" said Greene,
 " My scouting-parties brave?"

"The British flag is seen
 By Congaree's blue wave."

"Then onward, hearts of oak,
 Such is the sure decree,
If they invite the stroke
 From the heights above Santee."

Forth pealed the clarion note,
 The bold battalion goes,
The trumpet's brazen throat
 Anticipates the blows.
But Rawdon still retreats,
 With feeble heart and knee,
For a drum behind him beats
 From the heights above Santee.

At Eutaw Springs they halt,
 Like panting stag at bay ;
Ah ! yonder azure vault
 Shall blush ere close of day.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

For the red cloud of war
The zenith soon must see,
Its masses roll from far,
From the heights above Santee.

“Regain the State you love,
Old Carolina brave !
They who for lordship strove
May measure here a grave !
Strike for your leader, Greene,
A thunderbolt is he,
Whose camp-fires late were seen
On the heights above Santee.”

The musket gives the ball,
The clashing sword-blade rings,
And hundreds fighting fall
In the fray at Eutaw Springs;
To Charleston fled the rest,
Like phantoms o'er the lea,
To one small section prest,
From the heights above Santee.

Give to the patriot chief
The captured standard now,*
And trace in bold relief
Upon the gold his brow.

*After the battle of Eutaw Springs, where the English, under Lord Rawdon, lost eleven hundred in killed and

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

The locust horde he swept
From mainland to the sea,
When to the vale he stept
From the heights above Santee !

COLONEL HAYNE.

When Colonel Hayne, at the capitulation of Charleston, surrendered himself to the British, he was told that he must either take the oath of allegiance to his Britannic Majesty or submit to close confinement. He took the oath, assured that he would not be called upon at any future period to take up arms against his country. This, however, was enjoined subsequently, and, refusing to do it, he took up arms for liberty, was taken prisoner, and executed.

THEY told me, if the oath I took to Albion's lord
and king,
I need not yet against my land a hostile weapon
bring ;
They told me, and I dreamed that faith in camps
could yet remain,

prisoners, and the Americans five hundred, including sixty officers, the enemy left the interior State of South Carolina and took shelter in Charleston. A gold medal and a captured British standard were bestowed by the Continental Congress, on this memorable occasion, upon General Nathaniel Greene. He had marched from the heights above Santee and pursued the forces of Cruger and Rawdon till they halted for action.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

That on my hands there need not rest one fratricidal stain.
Now am I summoned to a task my inmost heart
 which thrills,
To whirl the flaming brand of war upon my native
 hills ;
To send the steely truncheon bright against the
 breasts of men
Who long have pledged to Freedom's cause the
 willing sword and pen.
Oh, deep enough the stigma now, to think the
 oath I took,
And the dear cause, the mighty cause, in evil hour
 forsook.
Better within the prisoner's cage be cooped as
 fettered bird,
Than breathe an atmosphere of joy and feel that
 I have erred ;
Better within the murky ship, which looms above
 the bay,
Than look on scornful brows and think, 'tis fearful
 to betray.
Oh, from the hour when virtue drooped my heart
 has been a cell,
Where stern Remorse, and Grief, and Shame
 have come in turn to dwell.
Why not adhere to wounded Right? Why prostrate
 Right in dust?

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

Why think the recreant was secure when on the
lava crust?

The lava crust of policy, how brittle in its
form,

And glowing just beneath the shell volcanic fires
so warm.

But need I take up arms, and plunge within the
brother's breast

The hostile sword which once I thought might in
its scabbard rest,

Against the dear Palmetto State with maniac rage
conspire?

Perish the thought. I will not wed my memory
to fire.

Here, here, I hurl the oath aside, if such its fear-
ful sweep.

Sword! sword of Hayne! my father's sword!
above thee I could weep.

Forth to the skirmish, forth again, I snap the
withes that bind;

Samson himself again, with force Philistia's camp
shall find.

* * * * *

A skirmish with the scarlet coats, and in the ranks
again

Is he, the champion disenthralled, the now re-
pentant Hayne.

The deep disgrace is wiped away, the leprous spot
is healed;

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

He shouts his olden battle-songs, "Palmetto in
the field!"

Steady and firm, a column now of light and hope
and faith,

He sweeps along with heart of oak, straight on in
duty's path.

The hand that signed allegiance once to Albion's
sceptred lord

The vials of the patriot's wrath are freely from it
poured.

Win back the forfeited estate of name, win back
the crown,—

The crown of stern integrity, the worthiest renown.

He wins it back, but as the point so lustrous has
been gained,

A prisoner to the hulk so dark that noble heart is
chained.

And Rawdon says he will not grant a trial's
common form

For him, who must prepare to meet the whirl-
wind and the storm.

Oh, spare him, for his children's sake, they cannot
spare their sire;

Oh, spare him, and your name august the muse
shall give the lyre.

Thronging they come, those missives white, by
ladies' hands prepared,—

Say, for those moving documents shall Hayne by
thee be spared?

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

Oh, Charleston does not wish to write that gallant
name in dust :

Rawdon, in thee they yet repose a willing faith
and trust.

* * * * * * *

Ask not the wolf for mercy : the gibbet looms on
high ;

The spectral form of Hayne is full against that
tropic sky.

Rebel and traitor ! such the words which reach
his dying ear.

Rebel and traitor, didst thou say ? Oh, such
there is not here.

A soul of truth, a heart of worth, a conscience all
serene,—

Is such the man to whom belongs an epithet so
mean ?

No, martyred Hayne ! thy country yet that mem-
ory will embalm ;

That short career was all redeemed by valor, cool
and calm.

The weakness of the tempted heart we, too, per-
chance, may know ;

But firmer, fuller loyalty our spirits need not
show.

If for an interval so brief he could diverge from
good,

The wrong, retrieving like a man, he purged the
stain with blood.

THE SAME OLD DRUM.

When the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument was laid, in 1825, General Lafayette, who was then on a visit to this country, was present, and listened with great attention to the splendid oration of the orator of the day, the Hon. Daniel Webster. A great number of Revolutionary heroes were there, and among the rest an old drummer, who, on the heights of Bunker Hill, half a century before, had rallied the scattered columns of the Americans by his vigorous beat. To make the ceremony more impressive, he carried with him *the identical drum* whose notes had fallen on the ear of the lamented General Warren. On that occasion about two hundred Revolutionary soldiers were present, and forty who had participated in the action of Bunker Hill. Webster addressed, it is computed, about fifteen thousand of his assembled countrymen in his most noble and majestic strains. That festal day has never been surpassed in all its collateral circumstances of interest.

THE throng advanced, and 'mid the peal of joy
The corner-stone was laid on Bunker's height,
Where half a century's sun, in rolling course,
Had nourished freedom's plant with warmth
and light.
One eye was there, which in its infant state
Had watched the progress of the land he loved;
One arm was there, which steadied truth's own
ark,
One heart, whose sympathies had never roved.

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

August in moral greatness, he had come
To tread our soil ere being's sun had set ;
Changed in its outward aspect now with age,
But fresh in soul, the generous Lafayette.
He stood where Warren's blood the sod had
made

Rich in its fertile memories, and dear,
And as within its bed the stone reposed,
He dropped upon its granite form a tear.

And one old man, *whose drum* in Bunker's
fray

Had rallied broken columns by its spell,
Was there to linger by the son of France,
And, garrulous with age, his story tell.
That drum ! *he held it yet*, though fifty years
Had laid its stirring music all at rest ;
That drum, whose earliest beat a nation heard,
Now the throned mistress of the mighty West.

The drum that put fresh courage in the heart
When 'mid the battle surge the standard rose,
Which rolled its tocsin when the spiral flame
Bespoke fair Charleston vanquished by its
foes.

Then, with athletic vigor, how he brought
The lengthened roll responsive to his beat !
And youthful comrades grasped the musket tight,
And fainting soldiers stood on firmer feet.

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

No need, old veteran, of thy antique drum ;
Here 'tis the relic of those fiercer days,
When on the bayonet the beam of heaven
Fell to find beauty in reflected rays.
Peace has put on her snow-white garments
now,
With smiles of love she beckons thee to rest,
And eager nations catch her matron voice,
Inviting them to pillow on her breast.

Old drummer of the Revolution, hail !
Auspicious was thy presence to the day,
When Webster's mighty accents up the hill
Floated in grandeur to the clouds away.
Webster beheld you, and with touch of skill
He played upon each sympathetic chord,
Till every feeling roused, you scarce controlled
The tempest wakened by his potent word.

Old drummer of the Revolution, hail !
The pageant was without thee less in worth ;
And who should be the chosen guest but he
Whose heart had memories of the nation's
birth ?
The monument has risen, but they are gone
Who thronged to see that bright inaugural ;
And Lafayette and Daniel Webster sleep,
How well, how soundly, in death's silent
hall !

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

And the old drummer, too, has laid him down
In his green hills, like weary child, to rest,
His work accomplished, and fair honor's crown
Reposing sweetly on his pulseless breast.
Oh, my dear country, let those olden deeds
Subdue the frenzied rage of party strife,
Lest Discord's drum shall wake a traitor band,
And rouse the venomed snake, Disunion, into
life.

THE BARON DE KALB.

The Baron De Kalb, a German in the service of France, at the battle of Camden, South Carolina, received eleven wounds, which proved fatal. Lieutenant Du Buysson, his trusty aide-de camp, embracing his wounded and sinking general, announced his rank and nation, and, while thus generously exposing himself, he was wounded and taken prisoner. De Kalb had a pre-sentiment of the defeat at Camden.

FROM the blue Moselle, where the waters sleep,
In a cradle of sunshine broad and deep,
Where the vine-hills ring with the song of glee,
And the thyme has fragrance for bird and bee ;
From the land of love and beauty's spell
De Kalb, the noble, has come to dwell
In the forest home of the Western wild,
Where Freedom yearns for her way-worn child.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

And his is the warm Teutonic blood
Which leaps at the sound of the rushing flood,
And his is the German nerve of steel
Which will not bend at the cannon's peal ;
A heart that clings to the good and true
As the cedar stern, but as mild as dew ;
Stern in its impulse against the wrong,
Mild to the feeble who meet the strong.

Talk to him now of that bloody fray,
When Bunker's height in its glory lay ;
Talk to him now of that freezing night,
When December's stars had a holy light,
When the winds were bleak and the shores were
 bare,
As Washington crossed the Delaware,
And see how his cheek, to his feelings true,
Like a sunset cloud, has a deeper hue.

On the field at last, on the battle-ground,
His heart is up to its noblest bound,
And Camden will tell, on the future page,
Of the blood of youth and the skill of age ;
Of the blood of youth, for De Kalb was young
In the hopes he cherished when tocsins rung ;
Of the skill of age, for De Kalb was wise,
And judgment tempered his sympathies.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

Eleven his wounds on that fatal day,
When sabre and sword made clear the way ;
Eleven his wounds when Du Buysson sped
With his master's fate his own to wed.
" Oh, spare the Baron De Kalb ! " his cry ;
The plaint went up to the tropic sky,
But the pulse of Britain beat fiercely on,
And her heart was a fragment of the roughest
stone.

Du Buysson falls to the victor' share,
For such was the issue of filial care ;
And the loyal heart of the baron beat
From the field of mortals its sad retreat.
A stranger died who our cause revered,
In his closing moments by Freedom cheered,
Sounding these words with a blessed tone,—
" The patriot sinks, but the work goes on."

MRS. WASHINGTON IN CAMP.

Mrs. Martha Washington was accustomed to say that, owing to her yearly residences in the camp during the winter season, she had heard the first cannon at the opening and the last at the closing of all the campaigns in the Revolution.

SHE heard the opening peal
Which ushered in the fray,

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When first on Cambridge's noble heights
The stern encampment lay ;
From blue Potomac's flood,
From home and its employ,
She travelled with a woman's zeal
To prove her hero's joy.

When weary men and worn
At Morristown were placed,
And on their leader's troubled brow
Sorrow its mark had traced,
New Jersey's hills beheld
Her fine, majestic form ;
New Jersey's heart her image held
In its recesses warm.

When Pestilence his wing
O'er Valley Forge had spread,
The gentle wife was there, amid
The dying and the dead,
And benisons fell thick
Where'er her footsteps moved ;
She was the idol of the camp,
Whose simple name they loved.

When Newburg held the chief,
By Hudson's flowing tide,
In the old house of Holland form
She nestled to his side.

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

At Middlebrook she stood,
The jewel of the throng,
Where the true wives of Knox and Greene
Joined in the cheerful song.

When first the shafts of scorn
From bitter lips were sent,
To soothe her dear one's troubled soul
Her magic powers were bent ;
And he, the good and true,
By secret foes beset,
Felt, as he caught her truthful gaze,
He had an Eden yet.

Oh, ye who shrink from toil,
Ye maidens of the lute,
Would such privations, doubly stern,
Your dainty feelings suit ?
Yet such fatigue was borne,
Until the day was won,
By her who earned the name she bore,
The Lady Washington.

WASHINGTON'S VISIT TO HIS MOTHER.

After the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, General Washington, accompanied by a splendid retinue, pressed on to Fredericksburg, the residence of his

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mother. Then dismissing the attendant train, he went on foot to her modest mansion, to renew his filial intercourse and receive her blessing.

MOTHER ! I have sped to greet thee
From the field of sounding arms,
For my bosom yearned to meet thee
'Mid the camp and its alarms.
Early days and memories tender
To my spirit's portals press,
And I must the tribute render
Of my boyhood's fond caress.

When the ocean-flag that covered
England's vessels fired my zeal,
O'er my path thy love that hovered
Could not its regrets conceal ;
And the warrant which my brother
Had procured me was but vain ;
Naval glory from his mother
Could not then your George retain.

If thy guardian care had slumbered,
Freedom might have missed thy son ;
He who years of toil has numbered
And her final battle won.
Thou didst thus reserve for glory
Him who longed to tempt the wave,
And perchance from billows hoary
Didst the heart that loved thee save.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

Mother ! we have won the battle ;
Yorktown tells of grounded arms ;
Pounders now may cease to rattle,
Tyranny no longer harms.
To our banner, where entwining
Gleamed the lily crest of France,
Albion crouches, though repining,
Crouches with a shivered lance.

When by Braddock's side I lingered
By Monongahela's tide,
And fair Hope, the rosy-fingered,
Whispered me I was your pride,
Thought I not that laurels greener,
Issues nobler, sterner yet,
Would in years maturer springing
Meet thee ere thy sun had set.

With a retinue so splendid
I have come to Frederick's site,
And by glorious suite attended,
Feel a throb of keen delight.
Leaving now that guard of honor,
I would meet thee here alone,
And within the modest mansion
Only be the widow's son.

Mother ! all the past recalling,
As by wizard's fairy spell,
Let us talk of little Mildred,
Sister gone with God to dwell ;

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

Let us talk of Charles and Betty,
Linking with them Samuel, John,
Bound a pearly string together
Ere my father death had won.

Mother ! since to thee is owing
All my principles of right,
All my faith, so sure and glowing,
In the long and tedious fight,
Here from Yorktown promptly speeding,
I would bid thee share my joy,
Just as much thy blessing needing,
Just as much the widow's boy.

GENERAL WOODHULL.

General Woodhull, after the delivery of his sword, was requested to cry out, "God save the king !" Refusing to obey so degrading a command, he received at each succeeding denial a sabre-cut or a bayonet-thrust. Thus, with his head and body covered with wounds, he was hurried to Jamaica, and exposed to public gaze in the Stone Church. Thence he was transferred to a prison-ship at Gravesend, and finally put on shore, where his arm was amputated, having mortified. His wife accompanied his body to the grave.

SHE bore him over seventy miles
Of long and weary road,
Beneath September's sunny smiles,
To nature's last abode.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

How had he perished? Ask the wounds
So thick upon his frame ;
Oh ! ask the taunting note that sounds
When Albion breathes his name.

He gave his sword when circling foes
Cut off the hope of flight ;
But sabre-cuts the hand bestows,
Unused to honor's plight.
Those sabre-cuts baptized with blood
The fainting form of him
Who to his creed unbending stood,
'Mid terrors sternly grim.

He would not say, " God save the king !"
Nor thus the trust belie,
Which Tory herds were bartering,
When gibbets loomed on high ;
And thrusts of cutlasses were given
As silence sealed his tongue,
For pity's golden bond was riven
Those ruthless hearts among.

Thus hurried to Jamaica fast,
On foot he bleeding goes ;
The drama deeper shades doth cast
Ere its stern actings close.
The church becomes his prison now ;
How could its stones refrain,
As, standing with a gory brow,
The martyr bears his chain ?

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

Thence pressed on board the prison-ship,
He languished for *her* care,
Who glued to his affection's lips
And breathed a woman's prayer.
On shore at last, the surgeon's knife
Brings no relief to him ;
His arm he yielded with his life,
And Woodhull's eye was dim.

She came ! his own, his tried, his true !
She watched his latest breath ;
Wiped from his brow the clammy dew,
And bore him cold in death
O'er seventy miles of weary way,
To where his kindred dust
Amid sepulchral silence lay,
In Heaven's kind care and trust.

“ God save the king ! ” That strain has fled
Far from Columbia's hills ;
Another anthem-peal has spread
By all our vales and rills.
Woodhull ! the lay thou wouldst not wake
Though sabre-cuts came free,
Shall never in its cadence break,
If we have sons like thee !

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

FIVE DAYS TOO LATE.

Had Cornwallis been able to hold out five days longer, he might possibly have been relieved, for on the 24th of October (he surrendered on the 19th) a British fleet, conveying an army of seven thousand men, arrived off the Chesapeake ; but finding that his lordship had already surrendered, this armament returned to New York and Sandy Hook.

FIVE days too late ! Go steer your fleet
From Chesapeake's broad bay ;
Ye cannot share a battle's heat,
Whate'er Sir Henry say.
With folded colors, silent drums,
Our foe his arms lays down,
Before the boasted succor comes
To strengthen England's crown.

Five days too late ! He waited long,
With patient heart and true,
With Clinton ever on his tongue,
And coming aid in view.
At length despatches whispered doubt ;
Cornwallis was in gloom ;
The allied forces now were out ;
He heard their cannon's boom.

Lafayette and Vioménil,
Two kindred sons of France,
His two redoubts have vanquished well
With an unbroken lance ;

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

De Grasse and Rochambeau and Knox,
A triple strand of Fate,
Have given him electric shocks,
And ye are all too late.

The "Charon" frigate was on fire,
The "Transport" owned the flame,
And yet we rebels did not tire,
And still pursued the game.
From York to Gloucester tried to pass
The army, faint and worn,
But wind and rain began the chase,
And it was back by morn.

The God of Battles had decreed
The net-work should be tight ;
His justice crowned the wond'rous deed,
And man pronounced it right.
'Twas Heaven delayed you, haughty fleet,
And made you fold the sail,
Now back to Sandy Hook retreat
With impulse in the gale.

Yes, York and Gloucester Point shall speak
Of God's controlling arm,
And tell that human force is weak
If He protect from harm.

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

The mighty prey is taken now,
Freedom unveils her star,
Cornwallis to repinings low
Has changed his blast of war.

Go, take your brave seven thousand back,
The succor is in vain ;
Defeat is now upon your track,
The cause of wrong is slain.
Five days too late ! Go move the keel
From Chesapeake's blue wave,
Learn that a despot's iron heel
Is nought, if God will save.

FRANCIS'S TAVERN.

In Francis's tavern, New York, Washington met, on December 4, 1783, the principal officers of the American army. Filling a glass, he said : " With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take my leave of you. May your future be as prosperous as your past has been glorious." Having drank, he requested them each to advance and take him by the hand. This was done in profound silence. Then, forming themselves into mute procession, they accompanied him to Whitehall, where a barge was in readiness to receive him. He entered it. He took off his hat, respectfully bowed to them, and bade them a silent farewell, when they returned, in the same dignified way, to the tavern.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

HE raised the goblet to his lips,
And ere he drained the tide,
As if their joys were in eclipse,
His trusty warriors sighed.
He pledged them in the ruddy stream
With faltering voice and slow ;
His eye with moisture dimmed its beam,
For heroes grief may show.

“ Brothers in arms ! a long farewell,
Rent is the silken tie,
And here our bosoms heave and swell
In parting company.
In bivouac and council-tent,
And with the charging file,
Each to the other comfort lent,
The aiding hand, the smile.

“ Our standard ! centre of our joys,
Its every shred was dear,
And ease and gold we counted toys
Compared with soldiers' cheer ;
And when our country breathed our name
With feeling deep and true,
The vision of an honest fame
Our weakened fancy drew.

“ Brothers in arms ! on history's page
Those blazing deeds shall stand,
And Valley Forge the thoughts engage,
And nerve our children's hand.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

“ Yes, Bennington and Eutaw Springs,
And Monmouth with its tale,
Will greet the ears of Europe's kings
To make the cheek grow pale.

“ Brothers in arms ! the grave has won
Its trophies from our side,
And Custis sleeps, my cherished son,
My beauty and my pride ;
Hundreds whose hearts beat full and high,
When Charleston felt the brand,
Have joined the heroes in the sky,
In heaven's unfettered land.

“ Oh, sainted dead ! and did ye know
When Yorktown's grounded arms
Told of the last decisive blow
That hushed the hearts' alarms ?
Oh, Woodhull, Warren, Wooster ! say
If, when our flag was high,
'Mid glory's blaze ye caught its ray
And felt its influence nigh ?

“ Brothers in arms ! our homes will greet
Their masters on return ;
Dear ones will come with quickened feet
And love's pure incense burn.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

“ Then tell them of that guiding Hand,
That clear directing power,
That led our Macedonian band
To victor's final hour.

“ Come each and give the truthful grasp,
Come lock your hands in mine ;
Brothers in arms ! one final clasp
Above this pledge of wine ;
Your past ! Fame claims it as her dower ;
Your future ! Peace will share ;
Go, and may God His blessings shower,
And make you each His care.”

The hands were locked, the pledge was given,
The waiting barge appears ;
He stepped aboard, the tie was riven
In silence and in tears.
My country ! bind them to thy breast,
Those sons who parted then,
For they who gave devotion's test
Were patriots and were men !

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

WASHINGTON RESIGNING HIS COM-
MISSION.

On the 23d of December, 1783, in presence of a numerous company of spectators, General Washington resigned his commission into the hands of Congress, then assembled at Annapolis, Maryland.

TAKE back the trust, my country, here
The power reverts to thee ;
I come with conscience, fair and clear,
To earn a good degree.
'Mid care and toil my weary heart
Has longed to see the day
When office and myself should part,
Ere all my locks were gray.

Take my commission ! When 'twas given,
I said I was content
To fight till all our chains were riven,
Nor ask emolument.
And, oh ! the smiles and tears which blend
Around my vision now,
Here make my grateful thanks ascend,
That I have kept my vow.

Let others fancy, if they can,
The current of my bliss,
When murmuring praises swiftly ran
Through old Annapolis.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

I felt that payment came in full
For stern campaigns and long ;
I felt that doubly beautiful
Was that approving song.

Fathers ! I thank you for the trust,
Which joyously I yield,
For mine was not ambition's lust,
Though beckoned to the field ;
And glad am I that peace at last
Becomes the envied boon
Of those who heard the bugle-blast,
And bore the heat of noon.

Take back the trust ; I long to press
My threshold once again,
When good old neighbors throng to bless
The reunited chain.
My spear to ploughshare let me turn,
My sword to pruning-hook,
And as the simple farmer learn
From nature's teeming book.

Take back the trust, and say that I
Have earned a good degree ;
Let my dear country testify
That she was all to me.

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

She knows I come with conscience clear,
With calm, approving breast,
To leave my tried commission here,
And pass away to rest.

TREATIES OF AMITY.

The independence of the United States was acknowledged by Sweden on the 5th of February, 1783 ; by Denmark on the 25th ; by Spain on the 24th of March, and by Russia in July. Treaties of amity and commerce were also concluded with each of these powers.

SHE stands erect before the powers of earth,
To claim their sanction and their meed receive ;
And Europe's sovereigns, to attest her worth,
Hasten with hers *their* names to interweave.
For they have heard of all that sanguine strife
Which roused the granite purpose of her will,
And how at last, with scarcely rescued life,
She to the future looks, all hopeful still.

She stands erect before the powers of earth,
Girding her loins for glory's lustrous crown,
And as she flings her gorgeous ensign forth,
The elder nations her fair birthright own ;
They come to grasp her hand with love and truth,
To form the league her interest which seals,
And catch from her the ardent glow of youth,
Which, as they hail her, to their bosom steals.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

And first old Sweden, where Adolphus ruled,
Monarch who right espoused and held it fast,
Whose mind and heart by discipline were
schooled,

Mild as the zephyr, stern 'mid war's loud blast.
Old Sweden, with her boreal lights aglow,

Hailed the new star whose virgin disk appeared,
And Denmark came, a fostering arm to throw
Around the pillar now by freedom reared.

Spain, too, where Charles and Philip, sire and son,

Held the firm rein beneath the tropic sky,
Beheld what God by Washington had done,
And hastened all her joy to testify.

And Russia, whose imperial Peter stood

In bold relief upon her infant page,
Prepared to canonize the great and good,
And in the work of amity engage.

From Elsinore to where the Escorial pile

Told of the sacred dust of chivalry,
Through Europe's length, the continent and isle,
Rang the bold deeds of her who now was free.
Monmouth and Saratoga had their spell

From Stockholm to the Adriatic main,
And by the blue Garonne could children tell
How Britain wept beside her sundered chain.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

And when America uprose at last
To challenge homage from the gazing throng,
And Yorktown's fame to burning history passed,
There filled her ear a swell of generous song ;
For even kings had marked her onward stride,
Her alternating phases to the goal,
And when she gained it felt an honest pride,
And in their treaties threw an ardent soul.

Oh ! my dear country, how thy pulses beat
When thou 'mid sovereign nations took thy
place !

The price was weighty, but the gain was sweet,
Blooming the crown, though long and hard the
race.

Begun in fears, continued in suspense,
The fight for truth had closed 'mid joyous
peals ;

And as thou marked thy fair inheritance,
To thy moist lid is it a tear-drop steals ?

Yes, tears of gratitude become thee now,
With wider sway and more exalted name,
With coronet upon thy matron brow,
And history wedded to eternal fame.

Oh ! stand, my country, by Potomac's wave,
Where sleeps thy Father in his tomb august,
And there a blessing from his spirit crave
Upon thy mighty charge, thy more than hal-
lowed trust.

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

THE REGIMENT OF TEN.

The citizens of Alexandria, when convened, constituted the first public company in America which had the pleasure of pouring a libation to the prosperity of the ten States which had actually adopted the general government.—*Washington's letter to Pinkney, June 28, 1788.*

PINKNEY! the tenth has signed the bond, ten
Sovereign States have come ;
No sweeter music have they found than Federal
fife and drum ;
Ten links are forged, and yet the chain a mightier
band shall own,
Successive States shall grasp the pen when Union's
worth is known,
Objections melting like the snow beneath an April
beam.
One mighty front our land shall show, nor riven
fragments seem ;
Old Alexandria sent her chime in merry notes afar,
When our Virginia, true to time, burst a new-risen
Star.
Pinkney! we poured libations out such as no
Grecian knew,
And Athens had no blended shout like our huzzas
so true ;
Rockets have burst and jovial cheer the holiday
has told,
Would that my Pinkney had been here our revels
to behold.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

Not Yorktown with surrendered host, its banners
 and its men,
Has proved to me so proud a boast as those sur-
 rendered ten
Our Constitution, like a bride, arrayed in purest
 sheen,
Has come for shelter to our side while on her
 breast we lean.
That Federal bond ! my spirit leaps to trace the
 future good
Which in its every section sleeps, though yet
 scarce understood,
Evolving blessings year by year, dissension may
 not spring,
When to our people's hearts so clear its cherished
 mandates ring.
Pinkney ! not Colonies, but States, sovereign yet
 banded powers,
With circling arms, like joyous mates, shall dance
 away the hours ;
A Covenant of Salt shall prove the league our
 people make,
And others of that feast of love shall one by one
 partake,
Nor shall be wanting men of truth in blissful
 years to come
To vindicate its every clause and strike foul Treason
 dumb ;

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

The comments of the wise and great upon its text
shall be

Like fringe of blue on Jewish robe, to grace its
symmetry ;

And all our thousands in their tents, when days
are growing dark,

Shall turn their eyes, one blended gaze, towards its
Radiant Ark.

Then help me to a note of joy, old Alexandria cries,
The little one who finds his toy has not such ec-
stasies.

We want that Oriental band of sackbut, harp, and lute
To grace an epoch so august and aid Columbia's
flute ;

But, dearest Pinkney, ere I start my ploughshare
to its task,

Your close attention to my toast I very freely ask.
Then I will moderate my warmth in farmer's toil
again,

And sink the Federal Covenant in leagues of oats
and grain :

“ Here's to the heads so cool and calm, on future
good intent,

Who framed with caution, yet with zeal, the
honored instrument ;

Here's to the signers of the chart, here's to their
golden pen,

Here's to the States, now one in heart, *that Regi-
ment of Ten.*”

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

ADMINISTER THE OATH.

ADMINISTER the oath, and give the reins to up-
right hands ;
And let our country take her place amid the scepter-
tered lands ;
Without a royal coronet, nor purple-cinctured
limb,
'Mid all the princely brotherhood, oh ! who eclipses
him ?

Within the open gallery, his look serene and calm,
While Freedom with a new-strung lyre stands by
to wake the psalm,
He waits to pledge his honest word that faithful
he will prove,
Nor from integrity depart, nor from the right re-
move.

Oh ! Chancellor, that bond apart, his spirit would
not swerve,
The Constitution he would still a holy trust pre-
serve ;
His life has been a sacrifice, knit to the altar's
horn,
And his can be no blemished age who had so pure
a morn.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

Hark ! the loud swell of manly notes,—well may
the air be rent,
A lustrous drama he begins, their honored President ;
And mighty issues he beholds with clear, anointed
eye,
Evolving, while his country solves, the problem
Liberty.

Look on him ! see, his locks are gray, but how
erect his form !
Ah ! he has known the iron hail of many a battle-
storm,
And he has crossed on Christmas-eve, when forest-
trees were bare,
With that old Continental coat, the frozen Dela-
ware.

Soon shall the Senate and the House his counsels
sage receive,
Who for the Cabinet profound the stirring camp
can leave,
Alike at home with pen or sword, so fortune blest
decrees,
In war a Cæsar, and in peace a thoughtful Socrates.

The cannon ye have heard to-day, it had no tone
of Mars,
Ye are no slaves by tyrants kept to peep through
golden bars ;

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

No chartered wrongs impose the yoke and deck
that yoke with gems,
To make you fondle what you hate and kiss their
diadems.

The Government you honor now, what is it but
your choice,
The fig-tree planted by your hands, beneath it ye
rejoice,
And every shout of ecstasy that through the welkin
rings,
Shows that your axe has cleared away the upas
growth of kings.

'Twas April when at Lexington the martyr-blood
flowed fast,
And through your borders loudly pealed that
resurrection blast ;
'Tis April now, but Flora's crown, unwet by
crimson dew,
Settles in beauty and in balm on him the good and
true.

Look on him ! oh, his mother's heart is beating
fast to-day,
This crowning rapture is her own ere she has past
away ;

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

The truthful boy, the active man, the Chief to
warfare bent,
The conqueror with Yorktown's bays, and now the
President.

THE FIRST CABINET.

"At the head of the Department of State he placed Thomas Jefferson ; at the head of the Treasury, Alexander Hamilton ; at the head of the War Department, General Knox ; in the office of Attorney-General, Edmund Randolph ; and at the head of the Judicial Department, Mr. Jay. Thus the *first Cabinet* was fully organized."

THE Ship of State must sail,
But to woo a prosperous gale ;
Stout hearts and ready hands
Must carry out commands
On the deck.

They must know the screw-bolts well,
Each inch of cordage tell,
When the yard-arms to square,
Or scud with poles all bare,
Lest she wreck.

The captain has his eye
Full fixed upon the sky,
To watch its fitful look ;
The firmament, his book,
Must be scanned.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

A cargo rich as gems,
For it the flood he stems,
And the ocean's highway keeps
Where no Maelstrom current sweeps
 Either hand.

Ere she launches free and full,
And like child let loose from school,
Plunges forth into the tide,
With hilarity and pride,
 From the dock,
Oh ! tell us every name
Which is coupled with her fame !
They who to time go down,
As the treasures of renown
 They unlock !

See, Jefferson, the sage,
And Hamilton engage,
To use their naval lore,
While Knox imparts his store,
 Kind of heart.
Now Randolph link with Jay,
For 'tis time to launch away ;
Your ensign's in the breeze,
And Freedom's melodies
 Cheer your start !

'76 *Lyrics of the Revolution*

That mighty Ship of State
Must Jehovah's succor wait,
Or her Cabinet complete
May dissension's tempest meet,
And disperse.

Oh ! seek his sheltering wing,
As to Washington you cling ;
And as you gain the shore,
A blessing He will pour,
Not a curse.

THE CLOSING LYRIC.

The happiness of America is intimately connected with the happiness of all mankind. She will become the safe and respected asylum of virtue, integrity, toleration, equality, and tranquil happiness.—*Lafayette's letter to his wife, May 30, 1777.*

WHEN in the past I longed to sweep the lyre,
My thoughts ranged freely o'er the deeds of
Fame,
And though it seemed presumption to aspire
To throw a halo round my country's name,
Yet did I hope to sing of those bright deeds,
Compared to which Thermopylæ was dull,
Though mine were pipings on a shepherd's reed,
More earnest than ornate, more true than beau-
tiful.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

And true to that old instinct, I have sung
Dear Freedom's onward march for toilsome
years,
From where at Concord the vast mine was sprung,
To where at Yorktown we entombed our fears.
And often as I traced the devious path,
The labyrinthine maze my fathers trod,
And saw the despot with his scowl of wrath,
I felt my country's stay, her only prop was God.

When first I rolled a lyric from the chord,
And told of Warren, martyred in his prime,
My father lived to praise each ardent word,
And glow at hearing deeds of olden time.
And often as I read the sounding line
His bosom swelled and tear-drops gathered free,
For Putnam's name with him was but divine,
And Stony Point brought up the deeds of An-
thony.

Now, as I close the simple lyric strain,
He is not here to crown my task complete,
For his warm eulogy I look in vain ;
No more he springs the stanza warm to greet.
He whose own ancestor was in the fray ;
He whose first teachings were of all the brave,
Whose love of country never knew decay,
Is with his fathers now, a tenant of the grave.

'76 Lyrics of the Revolution

My little offering laid on Freedom's shrine,
My simple lyrics may oblivion find,
But the pure wreath my fingers loved to twine
May be preserved as a memento kind.
Some rural hearth may garner up my song,
Some lovely maiden in her scrap-book place
Those heartfelt numbers which were borne along
In rough heroic strength, though wanting oft in
grace.

My country ! glorious, happy, and secure,
Write Bunker Hill, the blazon of thy shield,
And that dear guardian, Washington the pure,
Be thy true crest upon an azure field.
Think of the past, its wrongs, its tale of woe,
Think of the huts of logs where patriots dwelt,
Think how ere Freedom struck the final blow
Her God she did invoke and at His footstool
knelt.

Then with thy memory stored with noble deeds,
Stretch thy broad arms to clasp each ocean wide,
And vow that he from honor who recedes
Shall be to foul contempt and scorn allied.
Be thine the flag which knows no spot nor stain,
Be thine the sword which flashed at Eutaw
Springs,
And throned upon thy mountains shalt thou reign
When diadems are dust and time has swallowed
kings.

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